

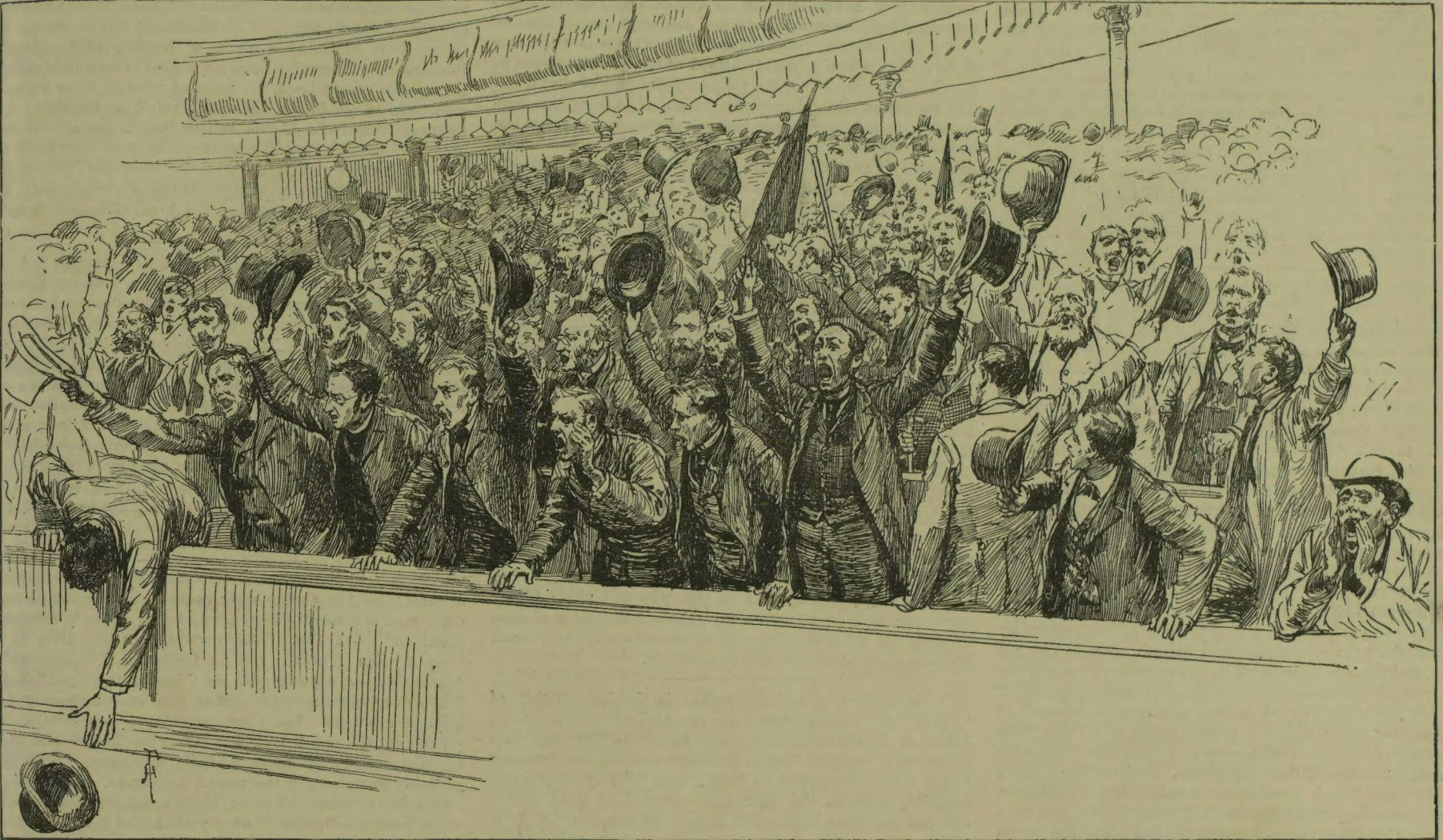
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THE GREAT UNIONIST MEETING AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, HAYMARKET.

"Three cheers for the Unity of the Empire."

Torpedo-dépôt steamer. King George, small ironclad. Olga, corvette. Hellas, wooden frigate. Batteries.



Miaulis, corvette.

Submarine torpedo-boat.

THE GREEK SQUADRON ENTERING THE BAY OF SALAMIS.



The National Political Union, which aims at substituting principles for party favour as the starting-point of our political life, held its first drawing-room meeting last week. The subject under discussion was the measure of justice to be meted out to Ireland, without absolutely ignoring the rights of the minority, which might prefer the ills they had to rushing headlong into others they know not of. Speeches were made on both sides, and by ladies as well as gentlemen; and, although great divergence of opinion was expressed, harmony was not disturbed. It was a lady who put forward one of the most original arguments in favour of a disruption of the United Kingdom, by urging the demoralisation of a small and comparatively poor country consequent upon its dependence on a rich and powerful one. The prizes and rewards which the latter could alone dispense serve to attract the most gifted citizens of the poorer country. Even if such might be superior to the mere temptations of money-getting and place-hunting, the very motive power of all ambitious men would be wanting so long as they did not make themselves prominent on the widest field. There is thus a reverse to the medals struck in honour of distinguished Irishmen whom England has been glad to welcome, and on whom she has conferred rewards and distinctions. Had such men given their talents and services to their own country, possibly the tone of public opinion there would now be very different from what the Nationalist organs represent.

It is difficult to see how the jury could have helped returning a verdict of "Not guilty" in the "Pimlico case"; had the prisoner been condemned on such evidence as was forthcoming, the tenure of human life would have become more precarious than ever—at any rate, until the penalty of death is abolished. What the trial brought out most clearly was the utter ignorance (though they will not frankly confess it, but try to hide it by a cloud of words) in which professional experts remain to this day as to the action of chloroform. They know that death takes place in a certain percentage of cases after the administration of chloroform, whether by inhalation or by deglutition, but they do not seem to know the how, the why, or the wherefore. Even the notion that chloroform is more dangerous as an anæsthetic for persons with heart disease appears to have been exploded; and it is worthy of notice that Dr. Stevenson's rabbit was actually killed by the knife, not by the chloroform. What was so curious about the case was the behaviour of the persons by and for whom the chloroform was obtained. People who get poison, and mean no harm with it, do not generally throw the bottles which contained it about in out-of-the-way places, or pour the poison itself out of railway carriages on to the line; they usually make rather a parade of it, as if they were consciously, or unconsciously, moved to make their perfectly innocent intentions plain to everybody. But certainly in the "Pimlico case" it is possible to conceive that the prisoner, without meaning irreparable mischief, might be less open than usual; still it did not come out that she had bound the person who was to get her the chloroform to any particular secrecy. We should all, however, no doubt, be at a loss to explain to everybody's satisfaction conduct that may appear strange and suspicious on our part.

Although Easter has delayed its coming to the very latest possible date, it has not succeeded in avoiding its inevitable companion, the East Wind. Not even the adoption of the favourite device of a "fixed Easter" would succeed in suiting the weather to the opportunities of holiday-makers—although there is, perhaps, no holiday more needed or appreciated than that of Eastertide. The difficulty with most people is where and how to spend it. The Riviera is too costly; Rome is too far off; Switzerland is grey and cold; and yet it seems hard not to be able to profit by a week of almost enforced idleness. The south coast of England naturally attracts the largest number of those in search of sunshine, which is often obtainable there, without warmth, at this season; but the limits of accommodation between Dover and the Land's End are not inexhaustible; and the solitary wanderer turns elsewhere. To such we might suggest the less-known parts of Flanders and the Low Countries; the border line of Belgium and France, rich in mediæval cathedrals and historic châteaux; the Ardennes, just budding into leaf, and full of pretty surprises; whilst to those who prefer western to eastern France, there are the coast towns of Brittany, with their quaint inhabitants; or the valley of the Loire, with its memories of the past—all within easy access from London, and offering, in air, habits, and surroundings, that complete change which brain-workers so frequently need.

When an actor takes a holiday he spends it at a theatre, is a remark which has frequently been made, and one the spirit of which applies to persons embarked in other professions. But that three thousand people, all employed in some manner or other in occupations connected with the drama should be anxious and able to attend a morning performance at a London theatre on a given day, seems miraculous. Yet, such has been the experience of Mr. Irving. He issued a notice inviting members of his profession to witness a representation of Mr. W. G. Wills's play, "Faust," and, anticipating more applications than he had space to comply with, he requested that those who desired to attend should, in the first instance, notify their wishes, that he might allot them seats. The result was that the number stated above asked for tickets. Those who were fortunate enough to be in time were accommodated on Monday, the 19th inst., but there were, of course, many who, perforce, were disappointed.

"Outsiders" are beginning, of course, to crop up, now that the Two Thousand is close at hand, and the Derby itself is within measurable distance. The Bard, Ormonde, Minting, and Saraband still head the favourites for the Epsom race; but Button Park and Grey Friars, two animals hitherto unknown to fame (though the latter did win a race at two years of age), have now caught the eye of those who speculate on the Derby; and, in a few more days, others will pop up like spring daisies. It was a Grey Friar, by-the-way, without any "s" to his name, who, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1877, defeated Silvio (afterwards winner of the Derby); but he never did anything "particular" again.

Attention is again being called to the attitude maintained by the council of the Royal Academy towards the representatives of the Press; and contrasts are made altogether to the disadvantage of the officials at Burlington House between the critics' privileges there and those offered not only at other private galleries but in every Continental capital. The Royal Academy authorities doubtless defend themselves on the ground that the managers of the Salon at Paris, of the Kunstausstellung at Berlin, Munich, or Vienna, or of the triennial expositions at Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, are all more or less public officials; whilst Burlington House is a private undertaking, which is merely lodged at the public expense in a building erected out of the voluntary shillings of the public. The argument might have more weight if, one by one, concessions to public feeling had not been wrung from the council. In most cases these concessions have been made grudgingly, and the result is that the Royal Academy, when assailed in Parliament or the press, finds few supporters amongst those who might reasonably be supposed to have something to say in defence of the custodians and trustees of the pictorial taste of the country. The Council now finds itself in a dilemma, which it should recognise is of its own creation. The exhibition of the Royal Academy either requires newspaper notice, in which case it should endeavour to give every assistance to obtaining intelligent criticism, or, on the other hand, it is wholly careless of the press, and independent of the publicity given in its sheets. In the latter case there is no need for any press day at all; in the former, facilities greater than are offered by six or eight hours' racing through the galleries are obviously required—if the work is to be done satisfactorily.

On the 16th inst., at 41, Mecklenburgh-square, died Mr. Sampson Low, senior, head of the eminent publishing firm Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., at the great age of eighty-eight years. He was the head of the firm, but can scarcely be said to have been its founder; that title rather belonged to his eldest son, Mr. Sampson Low, jun., who died about fifteen years ago, and to whose energy (though he was a chronic invalid) the great development of an originally very small business was undoubtedly due in the main.

It is curious to find Mr. Ruskin, in the last number of "Præterita," acknowledging his youthful obligations to Dr. Johnson. His father carried with him "The Rambler" and "The Idler" on their foreign journeys, and the son "at once and for ever recognised in him a man entirely sincere and infallibly wise in the view and estimate he gave of the common questions, business, and ways of the world." It is this worldly wisdom—we use the term in its best sense—which forms the most conspicuous feature of the famous biography of Johnson, which is more familiar to the modern reader than his works. The "big bow-wow" style, as Goldsmith called it, which pervades the essays is offensive, like all mannerism, but there is in them a weight and dignity of thought and an "adamantine common-sense" which should save them from becoming obsolete. Like Johnson, Mr. Ruskin is a stylist; but, unlike Johnson, his charm of language takes the ear captive even when we find it difficult to follow his argument or to accept his judgment.

Words are often singularly misapplied, and to write of the private view of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours seems to be a case in point. The crowds that swarmed into the rooms last Saturday, so far from being able to see the pictures, could not even satisfy their eyes, as ladies love to do, with the dresses worn on that occasion. No one, however anxious to do so, can look to any purpose at a thousand pictures; and really fine artists, of whom there are some of extraordinary merit in this exhibition, suffer not a little from the neighbourhood of inferior work. If it were possible by some exquisite instinct to avoid looking at drawings which have failed to reach a high-water of excellence, how much nervous irritation would be avoided! As it is, the lover of art, on visiting large exhibitions, while finding much to enjoy, is conscious also that he has much to suffer.

The great decline in the revenue derived from alcohol may not be wholly due to an increase in temperate habits. Something in the account must be set down to the depression of trade, which, like the workhouse, makes a number of persons total abstainers against their will. The best sign about the figures is that the diminution seems to have been gradual, and totalitarians are entitled to exult over the fact that the revenue from this source has fallen off in the last ten years by £1,379,000. One wishes, however, that these benevolent reformers were less apt to associate the drinking of tea and cold water with the Millennium. There are Eastern nations, who drink neither wine nor strong drink, whose social and moral condition is infinitely worse than that of England. "Well might it have been" wrote a celebrated Indian missionary, "for the followers of Mohammed had they been allowed the moderate use of simple unadulterated wine. In their deprivation of it they have sought out many evil inventions, the mischief of which is apparent through the whole empire of Islamism, from the Carpathian mountains to the Cashmir lake."

The new number of the *English Historical Review* contains some exceedingly interesting correspondence, communicated by Mr. Aldis Wright, between Carlyle and William Squire, the person from whom he obtained the Squire papers relating to Cromwell, whose genuineness has been a subject of so much controversy. The correspondence certainly demonstrates that Squire could not have forged the letters; but in the opinion of many of the best historical critics, the letters themselves equally demonstrate that Cromwell could not have written them. We see no way out of the dilemma, unless by disregarding Mr. Aldis Wright's injunction—on no account to believe that Squire had an accomplice, or may have been himself imposed upon. One important particular is not in evidence, though it has probably been stated elsewhere. Did Carlyle pay for the letters?

The *Historical Review* has another important paper, especially interesting from its reference to pending Irish questions, on the legislative suppression of the Irish woollen manufacture in the time of William III. Mr. Cunningham, the writer, shows that the grounds of this measure have been considerably misapprehended, that it was aimed at English manufacturers who had emigrated to Ireland from Devonshire, and that the main reason of its enactment was to prevent the Crown from obtaining a source of revenue independent of Parliament. It remains, however, a most unfortunate episode, inexcusable except from the point of view of those Irishmen who seek to act in its spirit by excluding English manufactures from Ireland. We believe that it has not hitherto been pointed out that it is satirised by Swift in "Gulliver's Travels," where he introduces the Laputan philosopher labouring to prevent wool growing on a sheep's back, and hopeful of shortly propagating the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

Among the misdeeds of the Irish agitators must be reckoned the death of a very interesting authoress, Madame Nikitine, known in literature as Barbe Gendré, whose essays have been lately published at Paris. French by descent, Russian by birth, this young lady early developed an independence of character which led her to renounce a brilliant position in Russia and establish herself in Paris, where she became a contributor to Madame Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*. She must needs occupy herself with the Irish question, travel a long way in bitter weather to examine certain documents represented as important, catch cold, and die. The most mortifying part of the matter is that the sacrifice was wholly in vain, for her essay contains no opinions that she might not have picked up from *United Ireland*, and no facts that are not universally notorious.

We noticed the other day the early date of the invention of steel pens; and many other common articles are no doubt older than is generally known. It is, for example, almost an article of faith that forks were a new invention in the time of Ben Jonson. But in Giovanni Francesco Colle's "Refugio over Ammonitorio de Gentiluomo," published in 1532, is an engraving representing two most undeniable two-pronged forks, inscribed *Carne* and *Frute* respectively. The prongs of the meat fork are somewhat longer and closer together, otherwise there is little difference. They were probably intended for the use of the carver. We remember seeing forks delineated in an Italian picture at least half a century older still, on view some years ago at the Exhibition of Old Masters, and illustrating the tale of the "Spectral Huntsman," on which Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria" is founded.

Sir Thomas Erskine May's resignation of the post held by him for so many years as Clerk of the House of Commons is, in some sense, a matter of Imperial interest. Not only has Sir Thomas performed the duties of his office with consummate knowledge and unfailing courtesy, but he has written a work that is regarded throughout this Empire, and more widely still, as a text-book on the practice of Parliament. His "Treatise" has passed through many editions; has been translated into foreign languages; and is especially valuable at a time when no usages of the House and none of its privileges, however venerable, are likely to be accepted apart from their merits.

Lord Cottesloe must be true British oak. At eighty-eight years of age, he sat out the late "Budget statement," an ordeal he has gone through every year since his first election to Parliament in 1826. One such statement would break down many a younger man. But—can it be that his Lordship goes to sleep?

Some of us who have read our Dickens might mention a case of a horse that was said to be running (in the shafts of a cab) at the great age of forty-two; but on the racecourse it is seldom that either horse or mare is seen running at even half that age. There were special reasons why Reindeer (son of Mountain Deer and Sultana) and Oxonian (son of Oxford and Araby's Daughter) should be kept going as long as they had three legs to run upon; and of them the former won a race at fourteen years of age (the Carholme Handicap Plate at Lincoln, in 1872), the latter several races at thirteen years (in 1879, at Liverpool, at Newmarket, and at Kempton Park); but it is seldom that, at sixteen years of age, a race on the flat is won by anything in the form of horse-flesh. Yet, last week, that feat was performed by Lady Anna (the figuratively grey-haired daughter of Morocco and Lady Williams) albeit the race was only a "hunters' flat-race," at Pontefract. This beats, in its way, the performances of the celebrated "maid-of-all-work," Mr. Barrow's Catherina, who, though she is said to have run something under a hundred and eighty races during her career, was only about eleven years old when she left the post for the paddock.

Mr. Longfellow made a curious slip when, in his recently-published Diary he expressed surprise that Dante did not introduce Paracelsus in the "Inferno." We conjecture that the reason may have been that Paracelsus was born one hundred and seventy-two years after Dante's death.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Easter is no longer associated with any special form of dramatic entertainment. Pantomime still flourishes at Christmas-time at its one last stronghold, Drury-Lane, but no modern manager would dare to mount an extravaganza, or burlesque, or fairy play simply because the winter was over, and the singing-time had come. The theatrical changes at Eastertide are those urged by necessity, not fancy. The plays that have outlasted the east winds and despondency of Lent are brightened up for a new career of usefulness; those that have yielded to the prevailing depression are relieved from their guard. One play this Easter has died from sheer old age. At last "The Private Secretary" retires on a well-deserved pension, and quits the desk after a long and honourable career. The humour of the acting of Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. Penley, and Mrs. Stephens will long live in the memory of the playgoer. There can be no antagonism between Church and Stage when "the cloth" provides such an amusing satire as the Rev. Robert Spalding. He may be said to have revolutionised the race of curates. He must have had a serious effect on the sale of goloshes. No young lady would now dream of marrying a curate who protected his shoulders with a "maude" and his soles with india-rubber. On Saturday next we are to see "The Pickpocket," another German farce, adapted by Mr. Hawtrey, and all will hope that the Globe Theatre will have the good luck of the Court and follow up a popular play with one still more successful. Talking of the Court and its "Schoolmistress," reminds me that Mrs. John Wood, who has been laid up with a very severe accident, returns to her post at Easter-time, and will receive a hearty welcome.

Sarah Bernhardt comes to us en route for South America. At the little Royalty it was impossible to seat all who were anxious to be present at her promised Easter performances, so Mr. Mayer boldly took Her Majesty's, and determined to show a great actress on a grand scale. "Fedora," "La Dame aux Camélias," and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" will be among the plays in which "la grande Sara" has promised to appear, and she will be received, as she always has been in London, with genuine enthusiasm.

Mr. Augustus Harris revives "Human Nature" at Drury-Lane, as fresh as paint and Gillow can make it; a new burlesque, on the subject of "Lurline," is advertised at the Avenue; a new play will see the light at the Grand Theatre, at Islington; Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. J. L. Toole; the Kendals, with the everlasting "Uncle's Will"; Mr. Wilson Barrett, with the final performances of "Lord Harry"—all return refreshed with their short Easter vacation; and then we shall have to wait for a few days until London has settled down again, before the novelties of the season are brought out.

First on the list comes "Clito," fixed for the Princess's on May 1. Written by Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Wilson Barrett, in a grand and serious vein; adorned under the accurate and sympathetic eye of Mr. Godwin; and acted by such favourites as Mr. Barrett, Miss Eastlake, and Mr. E. S. Willard, there is no wonder that expectations run high, and that a brilliant success is predicted. That Mr. Grundy would one day give the stage a play that would be ranked as literature has been the confident hope of many who have followed his patient and interesting career.

Mrs. Langtry is busy rehearsing a new play by Mr. Charles Coghlan, which will be produced at the Prince's after a short run of "The Lady of Lyons." I hope I am not breaking confidence in declaring that in the new play Mrs. Langtry will not be able to enlist the active sympathies of her audience, considering that she plays a handsome, attractive, but unscrupulous woman. She is to be the female Iago of the new play. For a benefit organised by M. Johnson, the celebrated London correspondent of the London *Figaro*, for the French Hospital in London, Mrs. Langtry will play in French with M. Febvre. It would not be surprising to me if she selected that charming comedieta "L'Eillet Blanc," once famous at the Comédie Française. It has recently been performed in English, as "The Last Lily," by some talented amateurs.

Another lily of another colour, a bolder, more gorgeous, and showy lily, is to be exhibited at the Comedy Theatre on May 10. This is the new and long-promised comic opera written by the young Belgian composer, M. Ivan Caryll, to a book composed by M. Felix Rémo, author and journalist. The story of the opera is curious. It has never yet been performed at any theatre here or abroad, and yet its origin is distinctly French. Some time ago Mr. Rémo wrote a comic opera, a true comic opera, not a burlesque, called "Le Valet Poète," words, songs, choruses, lyrics, and all in French, and to these M. Caryll composed his music. But it was considered advisable to produce the opera in English before it was played in French, so the "Valet Poète" has become the "Lily of Léoville," and the French verses to which the music was originally set have been "Englished" for the occasion. Miss Violet Melnotte has spared no expense in mounting the opera, or securing an excellent chorus, or in arranging that the Breton costumes shall be pretty and accurate. It is a simple Breton love-story, that is all, and far more in the view of comic opera than opera-bouffe. The cast includes Miss Delaporte (as prima donna), Mr. Haydn Coffin, Mr. Taverner, Mr. Charles Stevens, Miss M. A. Victor, Miss Minnie Byron, and Miss Violet Melnotte. The fact that Mr. Barker has stage-managed the opera and given to it his undivided and unwearied attention, and that the orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Van Biene, should give M. Caryll's opera an excellent start. With the music all musicians are unaffectedly delighted. C. S.

There was a large gathering at Tilbury last Saturday, including Lord Cork, the Lord Mayor, and several members of Parliament, on the occasion of the opening of the new docks, which will afford accommodation for the largest vessels afloat.

Last Saturday evening the Lord Mayor entertained the Duke of Cambridge at a banquet, at which were present the Duke of Connaught, Lord Wolseley, Lord Napier of Magdala, the Earl of Dundonald, and a numerous company, largely consisting of distinguished officers of the Army and Navy.

An inquest on the body of the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose death was announced in our last issue, was held on the 15th inst., at Middlesex Hospital. The late Earl's medical attendant, and Mr. Lionel Ashley, his brother, testified that he had been in a very depressed state of mind for some time past; and the jury found that he committed suicide while in a state of unsound mind.

Mrs. Adelaide Bartlett was found "Not guilty" at the Old Bailey last Saturday, when her trial on the charge of murdering her husband was brought to a conclusion. The foreman, in delivering the verdict, said the jury thought there had been circumstances of grave suspicion attaching to the prisoner, but did not consider there was sufficient evidence to enable them to determine how or by whom the chloroform which was the cause of death was administered. Their finding was therefore one of acquittal. The Rev. George Dyson, who had been originally included in the charge, was discharged at the beginning of the trial, as the Crown considered there was not a sufficient case against him to go to the jury.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Greater taste is observable year by year in every one of the domestic and personal arts which specially concern ladies. The horrors of the furniture of fifty years ago—the bare, cold, glassy pallor of the drawing-room, the funereal solemnity of the dining-room, the stifling draperies of the bed-room, must have been a constant drain on the spirits of the inhabitants. By degrees, colour crept into the reception-rooms, and brightness into the eating and sleeping chambers; and now an artistic spirit informs all the manufactures for our homes, from the wall-papers to the carpets, from the chandeliers to the fireplaces, from the brackets to the coal-boxes. I was impressed with this at the Exhibition of the Building Trades which has just concluded at the Agricultural Hall. There were many interior and decorative exhibits of much interest to us.

Tile hearths have lately received the attention of many good artists. A delightful boudoir or morning-room fireplace was of brass and tiles. The hearth was of pink and white tiles, an Annunciation lily, in pink, being painted in small size on each tile. The design of the fireplace, both under the hobs (for it had those delightful adjuncts) and over them, was the same as on the hearth-tiles, with the difference that the pink lily was painted along the whole length of these tiles, the flower on the top one, and stem and leaves on the lower ones. The bars, the fender, and the over-mantel were all of bright brass, the fender being cut to imitate the front wing of a castle, with turrets, and a tower at each end; and the over-mantel having cupboard doors with beaten brass doors, and only a little mirror-glass in the exact centre. Another novel and most effective over-mantel was in wrought iron. The fabric is precisely like ebony in colour, and in the kind of dull brightness of its surface; but iron differs from, and for this particular purpose is superior to, the wood, in the possibility of making elaborate open patterns in it. The design of this over-mantel was quite Gothic; and the china cupboards were covered in with doors so much cut out that they looked like lace-work.

Several of the newest over-mantels have shelves up the sides specially intended for books. I have too much affection for my volumes to sacrifice any of them in a situation that is, in the nature of the case, hot and dusty, and therefore too trying for the good looks of such cherished friends. At the same time, the brilliance of the red leather or blue morocco bindings, with gold tooling, is undeniably most effective relieved against the wood, and wonderfully brightens up the troublesome expanse of chimney front. All the new stoves are set very low; many of them are actually down on the hearth, leaving room beneath only for a shallow ash-pan. The chimneys for such low-set stoves are mostly wide-mouthed; but some stoves, stated to be "as set at Balmoral and Sandringham," have scarcely any chimney opening, a peculiar narrow crack below the grate conveying so strong a draught through the fire that a mere slit serves for the egress of the smoke, while preventing that of the heat. Grates not set in at all, but merely standing out in front of a tiled back, are as popular as those fully set. Steel is out of favour; and who that has ever had to manage a very large steel grate but would be glad to get rid of the trouble?

The new patterns in wall-paper are in very subdued colours, and a paper to cover the ceiling is invariably provided to match those designed for the wall. An exquisite pattern is an adaptation of a Georgian silk—a drab ground, with a large-sized thistle-shaped ornament in a deep green, with thin bright gold sprays intertwining over the whole surface. Leather papers are unsurpassable for some rooms. Embossed papers seem going out. It has been discovered that they are only suitable for large rooms. An embossed paper, however small its pattern, perceptibly diminishes the size of the apartment.

Spring mantles are all short. Many of them have long flat ends in front, but nothing comes far below the waist elsewhere, except it be a flounce of lace. The visite shape maintains its popularity. The trimming employed is chiefly bright jet, and that is used very profusely. Plomb and wood partially ousted jet last season, but this spring the taste for the glittering trimming is thoroughly revived, and both the weight and the cost of a mantle are quadrupled by the jet lavished upon it. Lace, especially Chantilly, is much used with the jet. Chenille fringe is out of fashion, unless it be so much intermingled with jet as to lose its distinctive soft, full appearance.

Faillie Française, Irish poplin, and velvet either plain or frisé, are the materials best used. There seems quite a mania for green velvet, made up with a great quantity of black lace and jet. The method of constructing such a mantle is to have the velvet showing the full depth of the shoulder seam, thence narrowing to a point at the waist, both back and front; the sleeve and the remainder of the front are entirely black lace, which falls like a cascade from the top of the shoulder well over the arm, and which follows the slope of the velvet in to the waist in a manner that gives great grace to the figure. A line of trimming of the richest cut jet overlies the junction of the lace and velvet, forming a sort of braces. Another handsome and graceful style of visite is made of black faille Française, with stole ends in front, enriched at the bottom of the ends with a mass of jet and chenille fringe, and at the neck with wide and handsome jet embroidery, laid on over a flat plastron of lace that narrows to the waist. A similar ornament of jet on lace goes down the back. The material ends in a plain habit tail, but under that comes a full flounce of lace, which passes round under the sleeves, being fixed on to the tie-string of the waist. The lace flounce reaches as far as the knee. This "half-length" is intended to come into fashion for jackets, and the lace flounces on the mantles may be taken as the first token of that future departure in thicker fabrics.

As the season advances, short capes will be worn, but will differ from those of last season partly by being just long enough at the back to fall in to the waist, and partly by having long ends in front. At the side, the arm from the elbow will be visible. Some capes in this shape are being prepared in chenille network, completely covered with loops of steel beads, and others with loops of cut jet. These are just long enough to fall in at the waist, over the cushion improvers which are still essential in every dress, though the long "wobblers" have quite departed. Capes of material to match the dress will be in perfect taste. Here is the description of a cape which I have just received from one of the principal Paris houses, to wear with a dress of green velvet draped with surah to match and trimmed with steel embroidery. The cape is of green cashmere lined with steel-grey faille. At the sides it scarcely reaches to the elbow, but the narrow back pieces fit accurately in to the figure, and are cut long enough to form a series of loops, one under the other, falling about twelve inches below the waist. The long front pieces are also cut in to the form, and terminate in much-folded, though still flat, ends, where the lining is very plainly visible between and under the folds. The back and front are held in place by a band of broad elastic, of the same tone of green as the cashmere, which goes from the edges of back and front pieces along the waist under the arms. The top of the front is a puffing of green velvet, embroidered with steel, and a steel buckle clasps neck and waist. F. F. M.

THE COURT.

The Queen held a Council at Osborne on the 16th inst., at which were present Earl Spencer, K.G. (Lord President), the Earl of Elgin, and Lord Thurlow. Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth was introduced and sworn in a member of the Privy Council. After the Council the Right Hon. Edward Heneage had an audience of her Majesty, and delivered up the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster. The Right Hon. Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth was then introduced, and kissed hands on receiving the seals of office as Chancellor of the Duchy. The Earl of Elgin kissed hands on his appointment to First Commissioner of Works. The Spanish Minister, Don Cipriano Del Mazo, was introduced to her Majesty, and presented his credentials. Prince Louis of Battenberg arrived at Osborne. Her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice. Captain Brent (H.M.S. Hercules, guard-ship at Cowes) had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen drove out last Saturday afternoon, attended by Lady Amptill and the Hon. Horatia Stopford. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor arrived at Osborne. On Sunday morning her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Dean of Windsor officiated. On Monday the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor Castle was reopened to the public for the first time since the funeral of the Duke of Albany, whose remains are inclosed in the white marble sarcophagus near the cloister entrance. The Queen, whose intended visit to Liverpool on the 11th of next month has already been announced, has decided to prolong her stay till the 13th. The Mayor of Portsmouth has received a letter from Sir H. Ponsonby intimating that the Queen will patronise the flower show and bazaar to be held at Portsmouth, in July next, on behalf of the charities of that town.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Aldershot yesterday week, and was the guest of Prince Albert Victor and the officers of the 10th Hussars, at the Cavalry Barracks. Last Saturday evening the Prince witnessed the performance of "Sophia" at the Vaudeville Theatre. The Prince rejoined the Princess and family at Sandringham on Monday. It is understood that the Prince and Princess and family will return to town at the end of the present month. The following letter has been addressed by the Princess of Wales to Countess Sydney:—"Madam,—I feel that I cannot allow the work of this branch of the National Aid Society to be brought to a close without tendering to the presidents and all the ladies composing the sub-branches of the central committee my warmest and most sincere thanks for the valuable assistance they have afforded me, not only by large contributions to the general fund, but still more so by their untiring efforts in the making of clothing, the collecting of books, games, and of various other articles conducive to the health and comfort of our soldiers in foreign lands.—ALEXANDRA."

The Edinburgh Town Council have unanimously resolved to confer on Prince Albert Victor the freedom of the city, on May 6, the day of the opening of the International Exhibition.

The marriage of the Hon. Charles W. Mills, M.P., eldest son of Lord Hillingdon, with the Hon. Alice Marion Harbord, second daughter of Lord Suffield, took place by special license on the afternoon of the 15th inst., at St. Peter's Chapel, Vere-street. Mr. Adolphus Liddell acted as bridegroom's best man; and the eight bridesmaids were the Hon. Winifred, Hon. Eleanor, and Hon. Bridget Harbord, sisters of the bride; the Hon. Isabel, Hon. Mabel, and Hon. Violet Mills, sisters of the bridegroom; the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, and Miss Alexandra Ellis. Lord and Lady Suffield accompanied their daughter to the church, and on alighting his Lordship conducted the bride to the chancel, the choir singing a hymn as the bridal procession passed along the aisle. The Hon. and Rev. James W. Lascelles, Rector of Goldsborough, Yorkshire, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. P. Roberts, Lord Suffield giving his daughter away.

THE GREEK FLEET AT SALAMIS.

The world can never forget—England could sooner forget Trafalgar—that glorious naval conflict, two thousand three hundred and sixty-five years ago, in the strait between the isle of Salamis and the mainland of Attica, where the Athenians, with their allies of Corinth, Ægina, Megara, and Sparta, commanded by Themistocles, destroyed the enormous fleet of the Persian King. But that is no reason why the reckless ambition of modern Greek politicians should be allowed just now to break the peace of the world, and to ruin their own country, in an unjustifiable attack on Turkey; and the squadron which is shown, in our Illustration, entering the Strait of Salamis, may lie there securely, but will hardly be permitted to undertake an offensive cruise on the Turkish coasts. We are indebted to Lieutenant C. G. S. Eeles, R.N., of H.M.S. Dolphin, for this Sketch, taken by him from the new Royal Gardens' at the entrance to the Piræus, the port of Athens, obtaining, perhaps, as good a point of view as Xerxes had from his splendid throne on the memorable day of the Persian disaster. The channel leading to the Piræus is in the front part of this View, to the right hand, where the corvette Miaulis is seen coming into the narrow channel, while a Nordenföldt submarine torpedo-boat, the top of which is just visible above the water, is moving out in the opposite direction. The other ships of war, entering the land-locked bay, are the wooden frigate Hellas, the flag-ship; the corvette Olga, the King George, which is a small ironclad, and a torpedo-dépôt steamer; besides which there are four first-class torpedo-boats. In the distance are lying at anchor an armed merchant-steamer and two small harbour gun-boats. The hilly land in the background is that of the island of Salamis, behind which lie Eleusis and Megara. These waters are so guarded by torpedo-boats, and so defended by batteries on the mainland and the isle of Lipso, and by submarine mines, that in case of war it would be difficult for an enemy to get in. The harbour of the Piræus is usually crowded with commercial shipping; and the traffic of that port and town, connected with Athens by a short railway, is rapidly increasing. We earnestly desire that the prosperity of Greece may not be marred by a needless and profitless war, in which defeat would be a certainty, and which national honour cannot demand or sanction.

The Easter scholarships at Uppingham School have been awarded as follows:—A. Dods, from the Rev. J. G. Gresson, Heene, Worthing, is recommended for a scholarship of £50; and a Rutland scholarship was awarded to Custance, from Oakham School. The other scholarships were not awarded.

The public trial of the steam fire-boat, constructed by Messrs. Merryweather for the Egyptian Government, took place at Whitehall-stairs, Victoria Embankment, on Tuesday. This float is capable of delivering 1150 gallons a minute, and it can also be used as a tug-boat. The object of Tuesday's trial was to show, as it did successfully, the adaptability of this class of fire-engine for the protection of waterside property, and thereby secure its more extensive adoption in towns having river and harbour frontages.



1. The Dock.

2. Steam-tractors entering the river.

3. Steam-tractor at work.

THE BOSTON (LINCOLNSHIRE) DEEP-SEA FISHERY.



GWINNING KING

Nottingham

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday, April 19.

At last we are beginning to hope that spring and fine weather have really come. The poetical feast of Palm Sunday was celebrated yesterday with accompaniment of sunshine, flowers, and greenery, and, to judge from the crowds that flocked to the churches, religion is not on the decline in France, in spite of the persecutions of the Republic. Palm Sunday is the beginning of the great spring fêtes, and, above all, it is the day of the annual renewal of the sacred talisman which is to be found in every Christian household in France—the branch of boxwood blessed by the church. Everything has been said about the picturesque aspect of Palm Sunday. Early in the morning, before the first mass, the sellers take up their station around the church doors provided with baskets-full of boxwood, and every housewife buys a penny sprig, which is hung up over the head of the bed or over the crucifix, to keep away evil spirits and evil thoughts. Even the cabmen and the carters buy their sprig of box, and the horses carry it home on their frontlets to the stable, where it is hung up over the door as a talisman. The quantity of boxwood sold in this way on Palm Sunday in Paris alone represents a value of some 40,000 francs.

The political week in the Chamber, at least, has been taken up with business of no general interest. The Social question, which is, as it has always been, the great question of the day, continues to be kept before the public by MM. Basly, Camélinat, the working men deputies, and the Revolutionary newspapers. The tribunal of Villefranche has condemned the two journalists, MM. Duc Querey and Roche, to fifteen months' imprisonment for interfering with liberty of labour by threats and fraudulent manoeuvres. The trial was the occasion of regrettable incidents, through the intervention of the deputies Laguerre and Millerand, who pleaded for the accused. Had it not been for the deputies and the journalists, who made a trade of revolution, the Décazeville strike would have ended long ago in mutual concessions. As it is, the deputies and journalists have converted Décazeville into the headquarters of revolution—a centre of disorder and violence; they have simply trained these ignorant miners to consider themselves as social and political champions. At a meeting of 3000 people, held at Belleville yesterday, Basly ended his speech by saying, "Your deputies, the representatives of the working men, will use means of legal protestation as long as they can. This does not mean to say that you will not find me at your head the day when you decree violence."

The Parliamentary Commission appointed to organise the Universal Exhibition of 1889 has taken several important decisions this week. The centre of the exhibition will be the Champ de Mars, and the annexes will cover the Esplanade du Invalides, the Quai d'Orsay, the Champs-Élysées, including the Palais de l'Industrie, the Pont d'Iéna, and the Trocadéro. The total cost must not exceed 43,000,000fr., of which 17,000,000fr. will be contributed by the State, and the rest by the city of Paris and a society of capitalists. The exhibitors will pay a ground-rent for space in the exhibition.

In order to give Paris room to grow, it has been determined to demolish a part of the fortifications on the north side of the city, between the Point du Jour and Saint Denis. The new line of defence will follow the right bank of the Seine, and consist of a simple wall pierced with loop-holes, a ditch, and a glacis.

Decidedly Shakspeare has no luck in Paris this year. "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," played at the Porte Saint-Martin, were not successful; and now the Odéon has produced the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with great luxury of scenery and with the music of Mendelssohn, but, alas! without success. The adaptation is by M. Paul Meurice, whose verse is often charming. The scenery and costumes are delightful. Then why does it not please? Certainly, the women are shocked by the spectacle of Titania adorning a man with an ass's head, and the general public is disconcerted to find a simple fairy piece instead of a regular play. Doubtless, if this fairy piece had been played lightly and without ceremony, it would have appeared more amusing; but the great name of Shakspeare imposes respect, and the actors speak their verses as if they were playing Corneille or Racine. The manager of the Odéon has made a mistake. The French talk a great deal about Shakspeare, but they do not read his works; they are not in sympathy with his genius; in short, they do not understand him, and probably never will understand him as long as they remain Latin. It is very charming of the manager of the Odéon and of M. Meurice to wish to do homage to Shakspeare, and fête his great name; but it is a thankless task.

T. C.

On the recommendation of the Government, the Queen Regent has signed a decree commuting the sentence of imprisonment on Don Enrique de Borbon for misconduct while on duty at the Royal palace to banishment to the Balearic Isles.—On Sunday the Bishop of Madrid was fired at by a priest, and died on the following day.

It is announced from Rome that the Italian Parliament has been prorogued sine die.

In the Belgian Chamber of Representatives yesterday week the Premier brought in a bill providing for a credit of one million francs to assist the manufacturers whose establishments were burned during the recent riots.

On the 15th inst. the German Emperor and Empress gave a musical soirée, to which the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Ella Russell were invited; and, on the previous day, her Grace and Lady Esmyntrude Malet had the honour of being privately received by their Majesties.—The Crown Prince has had a slight attack of measles.—In the Upper House of the Prussian Diet the bills for the protection of the German element in the Polish provinces have been adopted. Prince Bismarck said the measures had a purely defensive character. The Prussian Diet has adjourned for the Easter recess till May 5.—On the 15th inst. the collection of M. Vereschagin's pictures, which have lately been exhibited at Vienna and Pesth, was opened to the Berlin public, in the concert-room of Kroll's establishment.

The Emperor of Austria held on the 14th inst. his annual review of the Vienna garrison on the plain of Schmelz. There were 14,000 men under arms; their appearance was good, and the marching past was satisfactory.—Prince Alexander of Hesse, father of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and of Prince Henry of Battenberg, arrived in Vienna on the 14th inst., and stayed there for a few days.—The Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Queen Regent of Spain, left Vienna last Saturday for Madrid, where she will remain until after the confinement of the Queen.—The Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath has adopted the Budget. The Lower House on the 16th inst. agreed to the Convention regarding the international guarantee for the Egyptian Loan; and then adjourned for the Easter recess until the 5th prox.—A fire occurred last Saturday in the town of Stry, in Galicia, and, owing to the high wind blowing, nearly the whole place was destroyed. Hundreds of persons are believed to have perished, and the distress is very great.

A new ironclad, the Iver Hintfeldt, was successfully launched at Copenhagen last week from the yard of the Royal works, in the presence of the King and the Royal family. The Iver Hintfeldt is 235 ft. long by 48 ft. wide; her burden is 3280 tons, and her engines are of 5000-horse power. The vessel is covered with armour plates varying from 8½ in. to 11½ in. in thickness, and she is armed with two 10-inch guns, four 5-inch guns, and two rifled guns.

On the 14th inst. a cyclone swept through Minnesota, partly destroying St. Cloud, Sauk Rapids, and the adjacent villages. A large number of persons were killed and injured. Heavy thunder-storms, following a sultry day, have passed over various parts of Minnesota and Iowa.

A Reuter's telegram from Montreal says:—This city has been visited by floods of a character more disastrous than any experienced in its previous history. The loss of property, which is very large, is variously estimated at from three to six million dollars. All the English newspaper offices have been flooded. It is feared there has been much loss of life.

The Hon Mr. Sprigg made his Budget speech in the House of Assembly of the Cape of Good Hope, on the 15th inst. During the financial year ending June 30 next, the revenue is set down at £3,170,000, and the expenditure at £3,370,000, leaving a deficiency of £200,000, which it is proposed to meet by converting the existing debenture debt into inscribed stock. The revenue and expenditure for the ensuing year, ending June 30, 1887, are both estimated at £3,300,000. There will be no increase of taxation.

Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for South Australia, has received a telegram from the Government of that colony stating that the Parliament will meet for dispatch of business on May 27.

The Hon. John Dow has resigned the post of Minister of Mines in the Victorian Cabinet, having failed to be re-elected.

It has been agreed to spend £15,000 to £20,000 in deepening and improving Whitby harbour.

Rear-Admiral William Codrington, C.B., who was promoted to flag rank last week, has been appointed to the post of Admiral-Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, in the room of Rear-Admiral G. W. Watson, made Vice-Admiral.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS WILL BE VALID UNTIL 12.15 P.M. ON SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

The CHEAP SATURDAY TO MONDAY TICKETS issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on SATURDAY, APRIL 24, will be available for return on MONDAY, TUESDAY, or WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 27, and 28. EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. train from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on APRIL 24 (First, Second, and Third Class).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 24th, from Victoria, 2.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea and Battersea; from London Bridge, 2.25 p.m., calling at New-cross and East Croydon. Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.5 p.m. train. Fares, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, from Victoria, 1.10 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge, 2.50 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Bills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following French Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabiani has already engaged—
Mesdames Isaac, Mesdames Rose Delaunay,
"Galli-Maria, "Thullier-Leloire,
"Franch Duvernoy, "Noémie Vernon,
Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberger, &c.
In APRIL will be PERFORMED—
LE GRAND MOGUE, LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE,
LA PETITE MARIEE, LA MASCOTTE, &c.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO. This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains. MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels:—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, HAYMARKET (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, BY EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeus at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM. Painted by F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS take pleasure in announcing the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing upwards of 130 Portraits, painted from special sittings, of her Majesty, the Royal Family, and Leading Members of Society, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. ON VIEW from Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart., Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. H. Beerholm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Rodney, Mr. Ben Greet, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Winter, Mr. West; Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monekton. Seats can be booked in advance daily, from Ten till Five. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, SATURDAY NEXT (APRIL 24), at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Lessee and Manager. Last Five Performances. THE LORD HARRY TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), at Eight. Two Performances on EASTER MONDAY, at Two and Eight. CLITO, an Original Tragedy, by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, will be PRODUCED on SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, MAY 1, booking for which commenced April 15. Box-office open daily, 9.30 till Five. Theatre Closed Thursday and Friday, April 29 and 30, for final rehearsals. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1886. ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL. On EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 26, the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will present a THOROUGH CHANGE OF PROGRAMME. NEW AND IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENTS have been entered into for the purpose of increasing the strength of the already powerful Company. ALL NEW AND ENTERTAINING SONGS AND CHORUSES. New and screamingly funny Comic Stories and Burlesques, rendering the Holiday Entertainment THE VERY BEST AND THE MOST DELIGHTFUL IN LONDON. DAY PERFORMANCES on EASTER MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. In addition to the usual Performances, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. On EASTER MONDAY, AFTERNOON and NIGHT. FIVE THOUSAND LUXURIOUS SEATS in the Great Hall. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any kind. Omnibuses run direct to the doors of St. James's Hall from every Railway Station and from every part of London.

THE BOSTON DEEP-SEA FISHERY.

Not the great commercial city of Boston in New England, America, but the respectable ancient town and seaport of Lincolnshire, in Old England, is the scene of a promising enterprise, to which our Artist furnishes appropriate Illustrations. Thursday week beheld the inauguration, in that town, of the business of the Boston Deep-Sea Fishing Company. Since its formation, six months ago, the business of the Company had been conducted from Hull, until the necessary arrangements were made at Boston Dock for the unloading and sale of fish; and the arrival of the first vessels at the port had been looked forward to with no little expectation. The anticipation was realised that day when, in the bright afternoon sunlight, four trawlers, gaily decked with bunting, steamed up the river Witham and into the dock, preceded by the steam-tug Boston. Several thousands of people assembled to witness the sight, and heartily cheered the entrance of the vessels.

The local community has pledged itself, says the *Boston Guardian*, "by the expenditure of more than a quarter of a million sterling, to regain some of its former commercial prosperity. For good or for evil, standing still was no longer possible, and the opportunity was unlikely to recur for making the effort which the Corporation wisely undertook in the construction of the Dock. The courageous attempt to establish a business which should bring revenue to the Dock, new business and fresh inhabitants to the town, was the natural sequel to the action of the Corporation."

The buildings for the fish trade are erected on the Dock quays, and consist of a pontoon 165 feet long and 38 ft. wide, with offices and store-rooms above, an ice-house 62 ft. by 42 ft., workshops, and a curing-house. A vessel with a cargo of ice was expected in the Dock, while visitors were looking over the buildings prepared for the use of the Deep-Sea Fishing Company. These are a spacious Billingsgate, with its newly concreted floor; the ice-house, with the ice-breaker to be worked by a gas-engine already affixed; the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops; the sail-loft, the offices and the other conveniences, not excepting the curing-house on the other side of the basin. A train of forty waggons of coals on one of the sidings, awaiting the orders of the Company, betokened business.

At half-past three o'clock the fishing fleet were observed in the new cut, on their way up the river, and the spectators were at once watchful. The cloud of smoke in a few minutes gave place to the brighter tints of the flags, as the vessels steamed up the Witham. By-and-by, when a nearer view was obtained, the scene became more interesting; and before the ships had reached Corporation Point they formed a pretty picture. The sunshine on the colours and the water; the bells, the band, the flags on the Dock buildings and on the masts of vessels in the river, with the cheerful faces and demeanour of the townsfolk, made it a very pleasant scene.

The Chairman and Directors, with the visitors on board, having landed on the quay, made their way to the west end of the pontoon, where a platform had been erected. The space all around was speedily crowded with listeners. The platform itself was also filled. Among those present were the Deputy Mayor (Mr. R. W. Millington), Mr. R. W. Staniland, Town Clerk, Mr. T. Cheney Garfit (Chairman of the Company), Dr. W. J. Pilcher, J.P., Mr. John Garfit, Councillor Simpson, Mr. J. H. Small, J.P., Mr. W. T. Small, Mr. Ansell, Mr. W. Armstrong, Alderman Bailey, Alderman Kenington, Mr. J. J. Jebb, Mr. C. Yeatman, Mr. Beeby (Peterborough), Councillor Oldrid, Mr. J. D. Pauling, Dock Manager, Mr. B. B. Dyer, Clerk to the Harbour Commissioners, and Mr. J. R. Wells, an artist on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, whose sketches of shipping and sea scenes are well approved.

The Deputy Mayor first spoke, expressing his belief that this would be an epoch in the history of Boston; they might look for a revival of the prosperity of the town, both in connection with the fishing trade, and in maritime commerce. He welcomed their visitors from Hull, commending especially the energy and perseverance of Mr. Ansell. The next speaker was Mr. T. C. Garfit, on behalf of the Boston Deep-Sea Fishing Company; he acknowledged the liberality of the Boston Corporation, in erecting the substantial pontoon for the accommodation of the fish trade. It was a work creditable also to the architect, Mr. Wheeler, and to Messrs. Hinds, the contractors. He believed that this Company and the fishing trade would bring much good to the town, and that the Dock would enable Boston to recover her commercial prosperity; for "our town," as he observed, "on account of its geographical position, has a great advantage over Grimsby and Hull, inasmuch as we are fifty miles nearer to London, and fifty miles nearer to the great manufacturing towns of the Midlands, Birmingham, Leicester, and Nottingham. I believe that merchants will find it to their advantage to buy fish on this pontoon and send it to the great Midland towns. I am glad to see a large number of the Corporation of Hull with us to-day. There is plenty of room for all of us in this great fishing business. When we come to realise how much wealth there is in the sea, we shall see there is room for Boston, Grimsby, and Hull, and other ports opening out in this vast industry." Mr. Ansell, the last of the speakers, referred also to the rapid progress of Grimsby, and expected a slice of the same good luck for Boston.

Many persons went on board the trawlers, which lay quietly in the dock. Three of the vessels were laden with the stores of the company, brought from Hull; the fourth had on board a cargo of fish brought in from sea. She was picked up by the other three ships. Considerable interest was shown in an inspection of the vessels. The largest size of trawler is similar to the Lizzie and Annie London steamer. The hands aboard the smacks numbered about fifty, who, with the visitors and others, were entertained at tea (provided by Mr. George Henderson) in the sail-loft over the fish pontoon.

The vessels were unladen next morning, on Friday, when the first sale of fish took place in the pontoon. The share subscription list of the Boston Deep-Sea Fishing Company will close on April 30, the last day of the present month.

The Rev. T. Field has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral to the Head Mastership of the King's School, about to be vacated by the Rev. Dr. Blore. Mr. Field is a master at Harrow, and an old King's scholar.

On the 28th inst. the new rules relating the procedure of county courts will come into operation. The chief feature is the modification in the scale of costs in actions where the sum involved is under £10, and the elaboration of costs where the amount is over £10.

Monday being the anniversary of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, primroses were very generally carried in the metropolis, and his statue in Parliament-square was decked with primroses and wreaths in memory of the departed statesman. Throughout the country generally similar marks of respectful remembrance were displayed, and numerous meetings were held. Great numbers of wreaths—among them two from the Queen—were received at Hughenden, to be placed on the grave of Lord Beaconsfield, or his seat in church.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Our statesmen follow the example of the acutest theatrical managers. The Irish pieces of the Ministry, produced at the Palace of Westminster with Mr. Gladstone as the "star" actor, are being played, with diminished attractions, by touring companies throughout the provinces. Such is the custom in the dramatic world, modified now in Passion Week by a welcome interval of holiday-making on the part of such capable histrionic chiefs as Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Wilson Barrett. Perhaps at this critical juncture a period of repose would be best for troubled and anxious legislators during the Easter Vacation. But there is no rest for the wearied politician. Accordingly, Mr. Gladstone shook the dust of Downing-street off his feet on Saturday last, probably only to be roused by Primrose Day (Monday) at Hawarden Castle to the necessity of indulging in a little wire-pulling to educate the country aright as to his views on the land and administrative affairs of Ireland. Similarly, the Marquis of Salisbury retired to Hatfield—but only to influence his lieutenants to throw Easter eggs at the Government and their measures, if the noble Marquis should hold his hand himself. The public may, on the whole, congratulate itself that by the thorough thrashing out of these grave Irish questions on platforms as well as in Parliament, the best course to follow may soonest be arrived at.

The Prime Minister's description of his Irish Land Purchase Bill was suggestively preceded on the previous day by the first financial statement of Sir William Harcourt. Happily, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to propose no Hundred Million Budget, such as wrecked Mr. Gladstone's Ministry last summer. Sir William Harcourt wisely contented himself on Thursday, the Fifteenth of April, with the mild pleasure to be gained from posing as a modest arithmetician. This best suits the genius of a straightforward nation. Sir William's commendably clear and compact Budget may be compressed into a sentence. Whereas for the past financial year the expenditure was £92,223,844, and the revenue £89,581,301, leaving a deficit of £2,642,542, due mainly to a decline in alcoholic drinks; the Chancellor of the Exchequer computed the expenditure for 1886-7 at £90,428,599, and the revenue at £89,885,000, resulting in a deficit of over £540,000; to cover which he would borrow £800,000 from the fund for the payment of the National Debt, thus converting the loss into a surplus of £274,000, wherewith he would cheer the heart of the cottage brewer by removing the 4s. license imposed upon him. Greeted with approbation by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in the polite fashion habitual with the Leader of the Opposition in the Commons, the first Budget of Sir William Harcourt gave pretty general satisfaction; and the Eightpenny Income Tax resolution was swallowed without a wry face. If that country is happy which has no history, then should we rejoice that the Chancellor of the Exchequer burdened us with no additional tax.

Mr. Gladstone gracefully opened the proceedings on Friday, the Sixteenth of April, by paying a well-merited tribute of praise to the authoritative historian of Parliament, Sir Thomas Erskine May, the highly-esteemed Clerk to the House. In a letter to the Speaker, Sir T. E. May had resigned his post, owing to failing health, he having been in the service of the House for fifty-four years, of which the past thirty had been passed at the table. The Premier's emphatic eulogium on Sir T. E. May was cordially indorsed by Sir M. H. Beach, Mr. Raikes, and Mr. Parnell, one and all echoing the hearty good wishes expressed by the Speaker with accustomed readiness and good feeling on the previous day. Everyone sincerely regrets the departure of Sir Thomas Erskine May from his familiar seat in the House of Commons, and must wish him a speedy recovery of health in his retirement.

Equipped with the usual rose in his button-hole, provided with the usual supply of egg-and-sherry mixture to strengthen his voice, and armed with the usual pile of notes wherewith to refresh his memory as to details and figures, Mr. Gladstone on the Friday entered buoyantly on his task of expounding to the crowded House his plan for the propitiation of Irish landlords. The Premier had behind him Lord Hartington and those who share his Lordship's intense antagonism to the projected Irish measures; and on the second bench below the gangway were jammed together poor distraught Mr. Peter Rylands, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. John Bright; whilst the Parnellite members opposite were not nearly so enthusiastic as they were when the Local Self-Government Bill was explained. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone bravely discharged what he conceived to be his duty. His eloquent exordium consisted of an earnest historic "indictment against Irish landlords—many in the past; few, I hope, in the present." "Why is Great Britain to be encumbered with this subject?" Because she has a moral obligation to remove the injustice of centuries. Interruptions on the part of Lord John Manners and Lord Randolph Churchill did but stimulate Mr. Gladstone to strengthen his championship of the cause of the impoverished Irish peasant. But the gist of his argument, based on pity for the poor occupier, was that the British Exchequer should grant, in the course of the next few years, fifty millions to enable a Statutory body in Dublin to buy the "rented lands" of Irish landlords willing to sell, and then to re-sell them to the tenants. Landlords would be entitled to an average of twenty years purchase; tenants purchasing would pay four per cent rent-charge for forty-nine years, "and the legal ownership he has retained for that period will become at the end of forty-nine years a perfectly free ownership, without any annual payment, unless taxation should be laid upon the land by the State authority of Ireland." A stock called the New Three per Cents would be issued at par for the purchases under the Act. Mr. Gladstone candidly owned that the objections raised by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan induced him to reduce the former estimate of £113,000,000 for purchase to £50,000,000—"a great improvement in the bill," the Premier added. As all the national rents would be placed in the hands of a British Receiver-General, and the Imperial Government would hold and have the first charge on the £10,850,000 collected in all in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone claimed British credit would be secured. But the bill itself must be studied to grasp the whole of the Government proposals. In explaining the leading features, Mr. Gladstone spoke for over two hours, displaying all that wonderful command of detail and richness of rhetoric which make him supreme in Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain, in sturdy justification of his secession from the Cabinet, repeated he was not prepared to risk the money of the British taxpayer to the extent of £120,000,000—whereupon Mr. Gladstone intervened to protest "there was no question of £120,000,000" before the Cabinet at the time. But while Mr. Chamberlain forcibly and clearly pointed out the many objections to the Ministerial measure, he as clearly made it evident that a rapprochement would not be impossible. "I am not an irreconcilable opponent," said Mr. Chamberlain, earnestly, in conclusion, amid Ministerial cheers, adding, "My right hon. friend has made very considerable modifications in his bill [alluding to the Home Rule measure]. All I can say is, if that movement continues, as I

hope it will, I shall be delighted to be relieved from an attitude which I only assumed with the greatest reluctance, and which I can only maintain with the deepest pain and regret." Mr. Parnell objected to the appointment of a "Receiver-General"; but reserved his opinion on the measure until he saw the provisions in print. Eventually, leave was given to bring in the bill, the second reading being fixed for the Thirtieth of May.

The Commons spent Monday evening on the Scottish Crofters' Bill; and then adjourned till the Third of May; but the tug of war will be put off until the Tenth, when Mr. Brand's motion to reject the Irish Local Self-Government Bill is to come on.

AGRICULTURAL SCENES: APRIL.

A CANDIDATE FOR HONOURS.

Delay as thou wilt thy coming, sweet Spring, thou art sure to come! The golden blazon of the crocus and the daffodil, the mosaic of colour in the hyacinth, the meekness of timid beauty in the primrose, the pink loveliness of the almond-tree, the typical mystery of the palm bough, all assure us that surly Winter is past, and that the violet-sweet Spring is on its way again to gladden the earth, to strengthen human hearts—

Sweet April, lovely April, tripping o'er
The dewy ground, sweet messenger of May,
Who Queen of Beauty sends thee, maid, before
To bid the subject Earth prepare her way,
And well thou doest thy May Queen's command,
For Nature holds high festival throughout the loyal land.

The voice of Spring is said to go on from the almond—

To plum and peach,
Linden and elm-tree, chestnut, beech,
To drooping birch, and, later still,
To the true ash upon its hill,
Which keeps, till Summer comes again,
Remembrance of its former reign.
Until the laughing tops of trees,
All gladdened, ask the whispering breeze
Of Spring to creep down to their roots,
O'er the wide surface of the earth,
And bid all beauty's timid mates
Open their sweet red lips and tell,
In their flower-words inaudible,
Of Summer's everlasting birth.

In the open country, of course, the best signs are given of the advance of the season, and few city-bred persons can fully appreciate the difference in rural affairs with April's day of fourteen to fifteen hours' duration of light and November's brief and dismal span of eight hours. Nevertheless, in some respect, April comes with fuller hands of flowers to London than to many of our sweetest villages, since fashion has created a general demand, and the gardeners of all the world furnish a supply of spring delights. Why, at this moment, in the London streets, the flower-barrowers have more and richer blooms than can be found in country places, receiving them from southern climates and the hot-houses of the florists everywhere. Besides the green-sward, the tree-blossoms, the fragrance of hyacinth, violet, primrose, &c.; besides the frolicsome life of young lambs, and the lamb-like white cloudlets in the blue skies overhead (that should be blue if they are not), there are numerous other signs of the times in the country, and our Artist has given us one—realistic, rural, truthful—in the village group surveying one of those horses which form the agricultural strength of the country. The "village blacksmith" has come out from his forge and looked so long that the forge fire has died out, and Vulcan is still gazing critically, whilst around the "hammerman" stand sons of the soil, young and old, all pleased to examine and talk about what they understand. The stud-groom in charge of the horse is a study in himself; albeit a countryman, he is smartened up in dress and bearing, much as a raw recruit has been brought into shape by the drill-sergeant. The perspective cottage architecture on the left is really a typical bit of some of the villages we know in Surrey and Hampshire, whilst the church and open space answers for the rural tranquillity that is made evident in the busiest centre of the hamlet. One thing we miss in this April scene: the light of the sky and the light of the street surface lacks spring-like variety, and might equally suit another month of the year.

English horses, like Englishmen, have long held their front places in the world, but until lately by an English horse only a thoroughbred was understood. Lately, thanks to our cart-horse parades (when are we to have one on May Day in London?) and agricultural shows—especially that show held at Islington—the English cart-horse is in demand in many countries. He is the prime mover of heavy loads everywhere, where docks, railways, and other great works are in progress. The public spirit of English country gentlemen is obtaining the best specimens of the cart-horse breed for their several localities, so that already the present day can exhibit animals in numbers and shape, constitution and size, much superior to what we had twenty years ago. Mr. Walter Gilbey's Spark, one of the best specimens of the Shire-horse breed, weighs 25 cwt., and is perfect in his shape—a model "English elephant."

The horse in the picture, as we take it, along with the men, is a real portrait of one viewed last week. There is certainly no exaggeration of points in this young horse. At a show, he would not take a prize; but his height, long flowing mane, and leg feathers covering his feet promise a good constitution, and in a year's time his forearms and quarters should be developed, and his body filled out into the size that may carry off a prize in the local show.

The twenty-seventh annual prize-meeting of the National Rifle Association will commence at Wimbledon on July 12.

Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth was on Monday re-elected for Clitheroe on his appointment as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Mr. James Scrutton was elected chairman during 1887 of the London Congregational Union at the annual meeting of that body on Monday. It was stated that all the Congregational Churches in London, with the exception of thirty, are now affiliated with the union.

Princess Mary Adelaide opened a bazaar on the 15th inst. at the Countess of Tankerville's house at Coombe End, near Kingston-on-Thames, on behalf of the Bethnal-green Hospital. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria, Prince Adolphus, and Prince Francis of Teck.

Mr. Henry Irving presided on Monday evening at the annual festival in aid of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund, held at Willis's Rooms, where a numerous company attended. Donations and subscriptions in aid of the fund amounting to £560, including 50 gs. from the chairman, were announced. The evening concluded with a smoking concert, at which recitations were given.

The new building erected for the purpose of extending the Brixton Orphanage for Fatherless Girls was formally opened last Saturday, in the presence of a numerous assembly. The institution was founded some ten years since by Mrs. Montague, who still undertakes its superintendence; and it now shelters upwards of 200 female orphan children, who are maintained, clothed, and educated gratuitously, and who are trained as domestic servants. The new buildings will accommodate 300.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The Right Hon. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, eighth Earl of Shaftesbury, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, in the county of Dorset, Baron Cooper of Paulet, Somerset, and a Baronet, whose lamentable death occurred on the 13th inst., was born June 27, 1831, the eldest son of the seventh Earl, K.G., by Emily Cowper, his wife, daughter of Peter Leopold, fifth Earl Cowper; and succeeded his father Oct. 1, 1885. He was formerly in the Royal Navy, and served in the Black Sea and the Baltic during the Crimean War. He was attached to Lord Granville's Special Embassy to Moscow in 1856; and was elected M.P. for Hull in 1857, and for Cricklade in 1859. He married, Aug. 22, 1857, Lady Harriet Chichester, only daughter and heiress of the third Marquis of Donegall, K.P., and leaves, with five daughters (the eldest married to Mr. Theophilus B. P. Levett), one son, Anthony, now ninth Earl of Shaftesbury, born Sept. 1, 1869.

THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN.

Clementine Augusta, Marchioness Camden, whose death is announced, was only daughter of George, sixth Duke of Marlborough, by Charlotte Augusta, his second wife, daughter of Viscount Ashbrook. Her Ladyship was born May 6, 1848, and was twice married—first, July 12, 1866, to John Charles, third Marquis Camden, and secondly, Dec. 28, 1876, to Captain Philip Green, late of the 9th Lancers. By the former (who died May 4, 1872) she had one surviving son, John Charles, the present Marquis Camden, born Feb. 9, 1872, and one daughter, Lady Clementine Pratt. By her second husband she leaves one daughter, Evelyn Frances Henrietta.

VICE-ADMIRAL EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Vice-Admiral Arthur Parry Eardley-Wilmot, C.B., died on the 3rd inst. He was born in April, 1815, the fourth son of Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot, first Baronet, of Berkswell Hall, by Elizabeth Emma, his wife, sister of Admiral Sir Edward Parry, R.N., and entered the Royal Navy in 1828. His services extended over a considerable period. Early in his career he was engaged against the Malay pirates, was present during the civil war between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, and participated in the operations on the coast of Syria and the blockade of Alexandria. In the Russian War he was, as a volunteer, in the Baltic, and, being taken prisoner at Fort Notté, was chivalrously released by the Russians. Captain Eardley-Wilmot is found in the subsequent naval operations of the Crimean War. In 1862 he acted as Commodore on the West Coast of Africa; in 1866 was nominated Naval Aide-de-Camp, and Superintendent of Deptford Dockyard; and in 1870 hoisted his flag on board the Agincourt as second in command of the Channel Fleet. He married, in 1868, Charlotte Louisa Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. Richard Wright, of Larriga House, in the county of Cork, and was left a widower in 1870, with one child, Flora.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. George Liddell, eldest surviving son of Thomas Henry, first Lord Ravensworth, on the 15th inst., at Somerville, his residence at Ryde, Isle of Wight, in his eightieth year.

Lady Elizabeth Duncan-Haldane, second daughter of the late Right Hon. Robert, first Earl of Camperdown, and granddaughter of Admiral Viscount Duncan, on the 19th inst.

The Rev. Richard Moore, Vicar of Lund, on the 19th inst., at the Vicarage, near Kirkham. He was ninety-three years of age, and was the oldest clergyman but one in the Church of England. He conducted service up to about two years ago.

Mr. John Lawrence Tatham, on the 16th inst., at West-hill, Highgate. By his death the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn loses one of its oldest members, the deceased gentleman having been in his eightieth year.

Isabella Rose, Baroness Monkswell, wife of Robert, Lord Monkswell, and daughter of Mr. William Rose Rose, of Wolston-heath, in the county of Warwick, on the 10th inst. She was married April 14, 1844, and leaves two sons and one daughter.

Alderman Sir Thomas Baker, at his residence at Manchester, on the 17th inst., aged seventy-five years. He was born and educated in Birmingham; but had long been a resident of Manchester, where, under his special care, the free library movement was being extensively developed.

Lady Cosmo Russell, at her residence in Chester-square, on the 18th inst., after a lingering illness. She was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John G. Norbury; and married, in October, 1851, Lord Cosmo Russell, a younger son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, and was left a widow in December, 1875. She married, secondly, in 1877, General Thomas H. Clifton, Esquerry to the Duke of Cambridge.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cotterill, Bishop of the diocese of Edinburgh in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church, at Edinburgh, on the 15th inst. He was born in 1812, and was a native of Ampton, Suffolk. In 1856 he was consecrated Bishop of Grahamstown; and in 1872 he was translated to the Bishopric of Edinburgh as coadjutor of Bishop Terrot, who died the following year.

Mr. Edmund Ollier, who died on Monday, at his residence in Chelsea, aged fifty-nine, was one of the most accomplished and industrious contributors to literature. He wrote, for Messrs. Cassell and Co., the voluminous historical narratives of the war between France and Germany, in 1870, and the war between Russia and Turkey, in 1878; the commentaries on Gustave Doré's illustrations of Dante and Milton; an excellent "History of the United States," and the "Universal History," in four volumes, which is the best summary yet compiled of combined ancient, mediæval, and modern transactions, in view of the general progress of civilisation. Mr. Ollier was also the author of "Poems from the Greek Mythology," published in 1867, which evince high imaginative power, a noble strain of feeling, and consummate mastery of blank verse. His father, the late Mr. Charles Ollier, was a man of literary tastes, and was associated, both as friend and publisher, with Leigh Hunt, Keats, Shelley, and other poets of the last generation. Mr. Edmund Ollier inherited his personal acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, and was the editor of a collection of essays by that charming writer, which appeared in 1869. During more than thirty years, Mr. Ollier wrote frequently for several literary periodicals, in which the fruits of his accurate English scholarship, his knowledge of London topographical antiquities and biographical anecdotes, his genial and benevolent vein of reflective sentiment, and his graceful style, were abundantly displayed.

Sir William Jenner was on Monday elected, for the sixth time, President of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

A gentleman brought an action, before Mr. Justice Day, to establish his claim to £600, being the dividend and interest which has accumulated upon £20 invested by Martin Killigrew in the stock of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation nearly 150 years ago. His Lordship was satisfied with the evidence in support of the claim, and gave judgment for the plaintiff.



THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON STARTING FOR THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

CHESS.

The Earl of Radnor has set apart fifteen acres of land on the Canterbury-road, near Folkestone, to be let in plots, varying in size from ten perches to half an acre. The price to be charged is 9d. per perch, which will include all charges. The allotments have all been taken, and the tenants will be able to sow and plant for summer crops.—The severity of the agricultural depression in Warwickshire is evidenced by the fact that Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, has reduced the rents of his tenantry 15 per cent from Lady Day for the next three years. This reduction is in addition to a similar remission made three years ago, making in all 30 per cent off the original rent charge.—A circular has been addressed to the overseers of the poor throughout England and Wales by the Board of Inland Revenue, at the request of the Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture, "with the object of ascertaining the extent to which the practice of letting land in small allotments prevails in England and Wales, and to satisfy the wishes of those interested in the question."—Lord Howard of Glossop has made an abatement of 10 per cent in his Lady Day rents.

Herr Steinitz is now of opinion that the Pawn can be interposed not only with safety, but with advantage.

9. Kt takes Q P

18. Kt takes Q.

19. Kt takes Q.

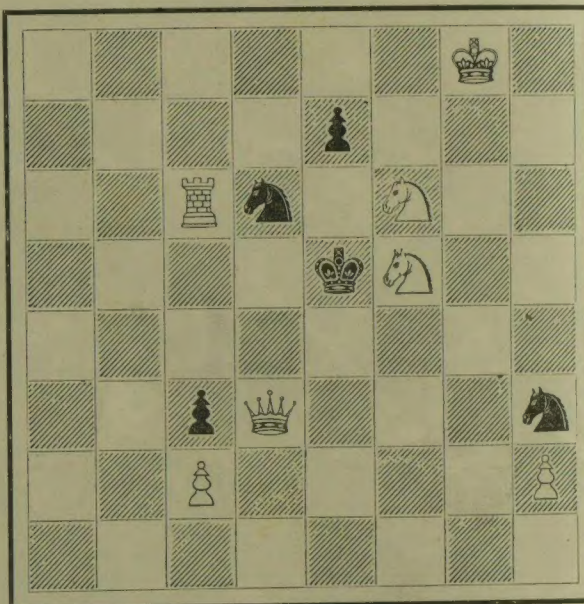
anl Black resigned the game and match.

BATH AND DISTRICT.

Fe Eden	1	Thorold	1
Harsant	14	Morley	04
Williams	04	Pollock	04
Rev. G. F. D. Jones	03	Burt	04
Rev. W. P. Buncombe	0	Van Gelder	2
Templar	0	Rumbold	2
Berry	0	W. E. Hill	1
Perry	0	May	1
Bowne	1	Highfield	1
Hunt	0	Capel	1
Prideaux	0	J. Pollock	2
Franklin	04	F. A. Hill	14
Total	5	Total	5

The conditions attached by Madame Chenavard to her bequest of three millions of francs (£120,000) to the Paris École des Beaux Arts are not very onerous. The important art collections made by her husband and his brother, the well-known painter, are to be kept intact; and all her household furniture is, in like manner, to be preserved. The State was to give her a public funeral of the first class, and to transport her body to Paris with this object, should she happen to die at a distance from the capital. As it happened, Madame Chenavard ended life at her house in the Boulevard Beaumarchais, so that the conditions of her will with regard to her interment were not difficult to comply with. In return for these slight considerations for the memory of Madame Chenavard, the École des Beaux Arts will have at its disposal the income of the bequest to endow art and to encourage art students in such manner as the council may think best.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

NINETEENTH GAME.

Herr Steinitz is now of opinion that the Pawn can be interposed not only with safety, but with advantage.

Kt takes Q P

anl Black resigned the game and the match.

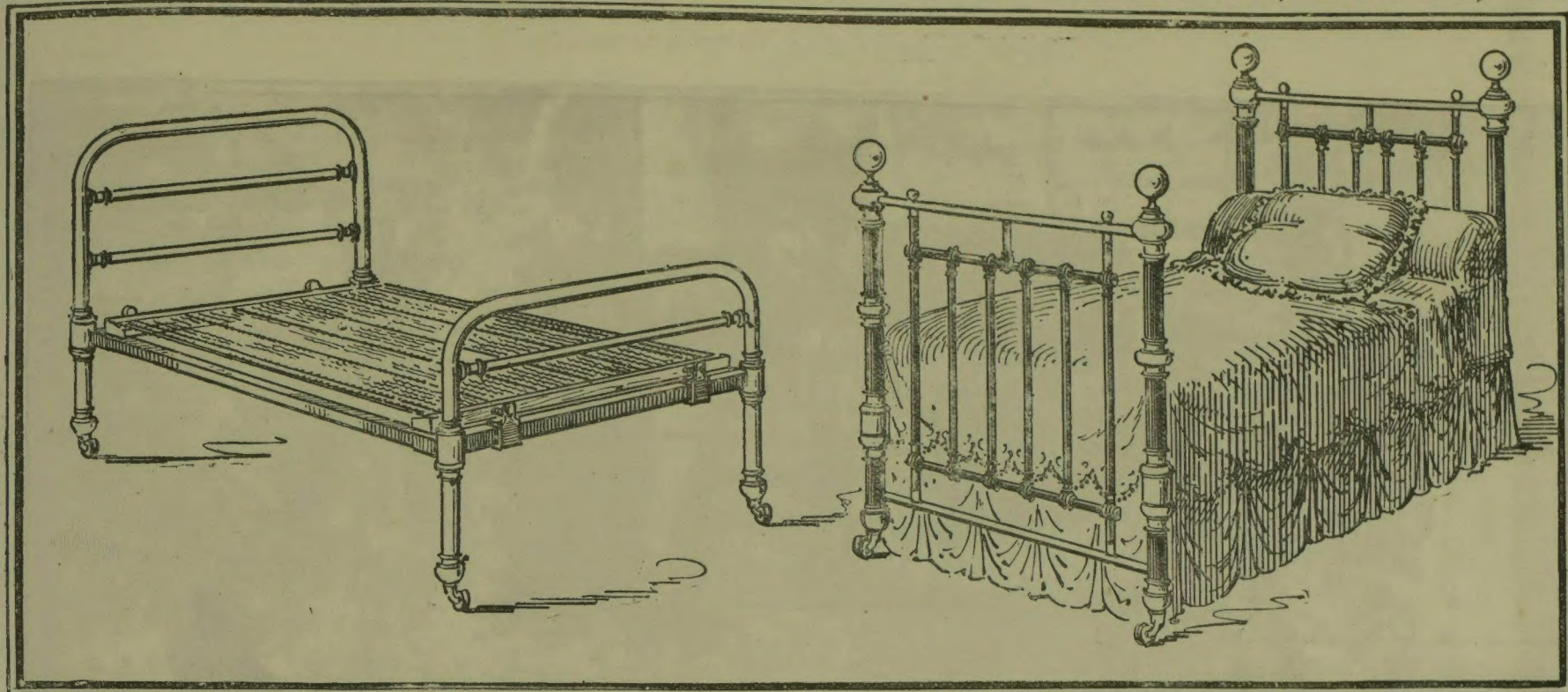
(Vienna opening.

Herr Steinitz is now of opinion that the Pawn can be interposed not only with safety, but with advantage.

Kt takes Q P

anl Black resigned the game and the match.

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The above **BLACK AND BRASS BEDSTEAD**, with Patent Wire-Woven Mattress, 3 ft., 40s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 45s.; 4 ft., 50s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 55s.
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The PATENT WIRE-WOVEN MATTRESS, without Bedstead, 3 ft., 11s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 12s.; 4 ft., 13s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 14s.

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WHITE PAINTED SUITES, 3½ guineas, Washstand with Wedgwood tile back.

WHITE PAINTED SUITES, 5½ guineas, with Chest of Drawers.

WHITE ENAMELLED SUITES, 8½ guineas, with glass to wardrobe door.

WHITE ENAMELLED SUITES, 11½ guineas, with bevelled plates to combination Wardrobe and Toilet Table.

WHITE ENAMELLED SUITES, 14½ guineas, with enrichments and bevelled plates.

WHITE ENAMELLED SUITES, 20 to 50 guineas, with large combination Wardrobes, new arrangements, plain and enriched in great variety.

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IRON FRENCH BEDSTEADS, with wire-woven spring mattress, wool mattress, bolster and feather pillow, 38s. 6d.; servants' Bedsteads, 7s. 11d.

HANDSOME FRENCH BEDSTEADS, heavily mounted with brass, with wire-woven spring mattress, 3 ft., 40s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 45s.; 4 ft., 50s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 55s.

BRASS FRENCH BEDSTEADS, with wire-woven spring mattress, 3 ft., 45s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 50s.; 4 ft., 55s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 60s.

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THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence, frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the skin from which many Children suffer. The Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration—viz., the composition of the Soap itself. It should be remembered that artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous, particularly the red, blue, and green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of soda. White Soaps, such as "curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa-nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline soap very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to Children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.



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PEARS' SOAP

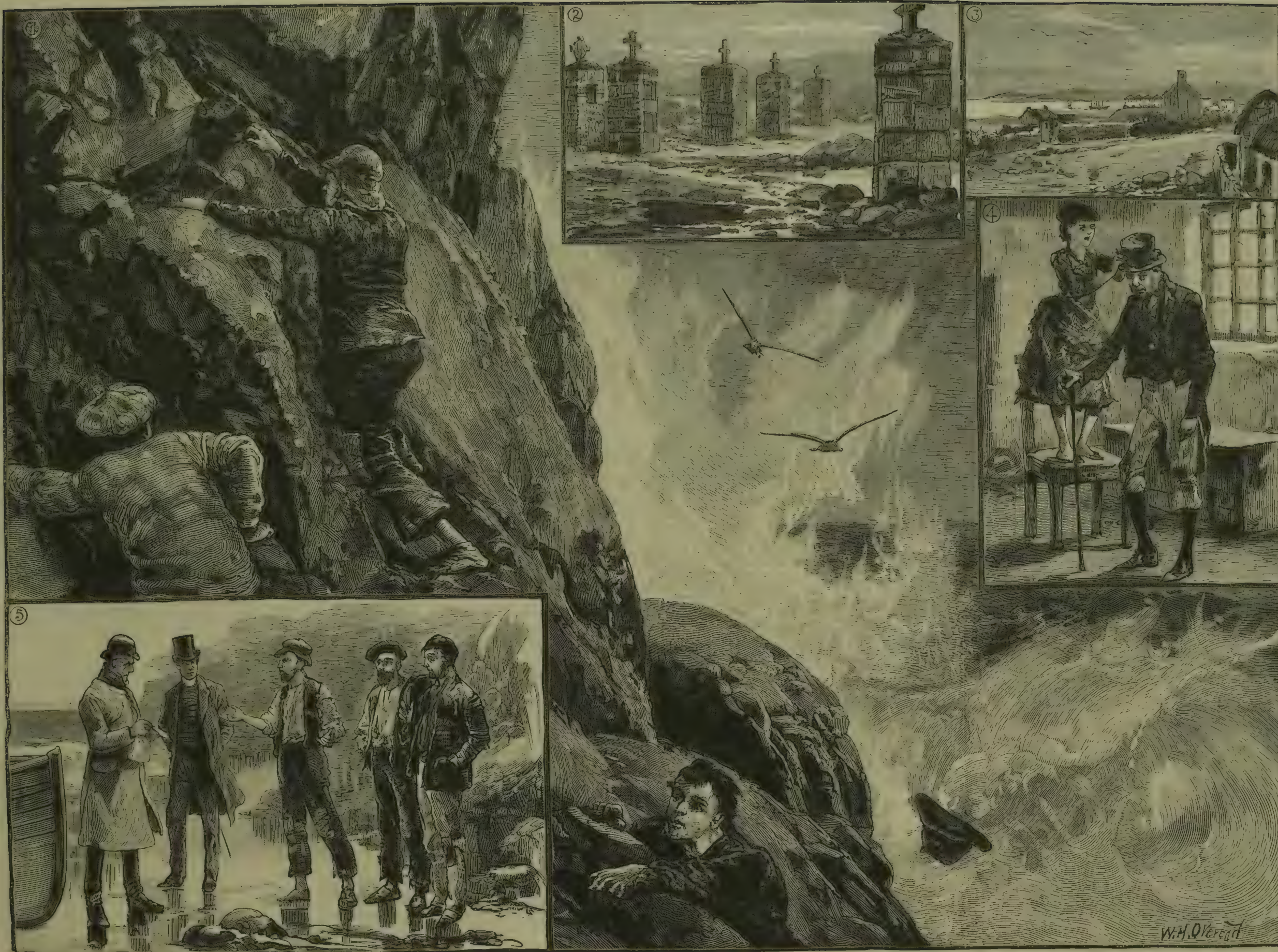
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The 2s. 6d. Tablets are perfumed with Otto of Roses.

A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.



1. Arran fishermen caught by the tide.

2. Wayside monuments at Arran: a street of tombs.

3. General view of Kilonan, the principal village in the Arran Islands.

4. Decorating the village patriarch on St. Patrick's Day.

5. A deputation of destitute Arran fishermen to obtain a loan of "Fishery Money."

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CLAUDE BYRNE.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CLAUDE BYRNE.



THE DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS: VISITING FEVER PATIENTS.



A COTTAGE INTERIOR, CLARE ISLAND.

The Sketches furnished by our Artist, Mr. Claude Byrne, have been taken in the islands of Clew Bay and Galway Bay, where he has accompanied Mr. T. F. Brady, her Majesty's Inspector of Irish Fisheries, in one of the gun-boats serving to distribute relief supplied by charitable subscriptions. But there is a vast amount of distress also on the shores of the mainland, almost everywhere along the Atlantic coast of Ireland, in Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Clare, and Kerry. In the whole of Ireland, there are 538,000 poor tenants of very small holdings, whose average rent is under £6, and this means nearly three millions of human beings dependent for subsistence on the precarious crops of potatoes and oats, or rye in some places, grown in those western districts from the poorest soil, among

bogs and rocks, where a bad season, like that of last year, reduces them to positive starvation.

Clare Island, opposite Westport, was approached by a steamer with extreme difficulty, in a terrific storm, on Tuesday, the 30th ult.; but no landing could be effected till Thursday, when Mr. Brady, with Mr. Moran, relieving officer, and Father Quin, who lives there, brought thirty-two tons of seed potatoes, and more came next day. One of the Sketches is that of Mr. Brady, on the top of a pile of potato-sacks, distributing them to the unfortunate peasantry; but they are not intended for food, if the famishing people can abstain from eating them. We regret to learn that the owners of Clare Island, ladies residing near Dublin, have just caused ejections

to be served on sixty-one destitute families, in addition to twenty-two recently evicted, though it is well known that their little farms have produced nothing for two years past, that their cattle have been unsaleable, and that they have not been able to find any employment as labourers in other districts. Famine and fever claim hundreds of victims in these islands, where the distress is now such as was never experienced since 1847. There is neither food, furniture, nor clothing left to the miserable people of Clare Island, Inishturk, and Inishboffin.

The Arran Islands, outside the Bay of Galway, contain a population of three thousand. Their situation is worse than that of the inhabitants of Achill, for there is no turf for fuel; it has to be brought across the sea from Connemara at a heavy



DISTRIBUTING SACKS OF SEED POTATOES IN CLARE ISLAND.

cost; and now they cannot get a fire to boil the Indian meal which is given them, but must devour it mixed with cold water. The larger island is nearly thirty miles from Galway, and lies in such a sea that sometimes for six weeks in winter no vessel can reach it. Kilronan, the principal village, shown in one of Mr. Byrne's Sketches, has a Protestant church and a Roman Catholic; Father O'Donohoe, the priest, has been soliciting Government aid for his people. Four hundred of them were begging help at his door, while the fishermen beset her Majesty's Inspector with entreaties for a share of the Fishery Loan. Not long ago, fifteen of these poor fellows were caught by a wave on the rocks, washed off, and drowned. Piers and boats are much wanted at Arran. The religious and social customs of the primitive folk are illustrated by prayers at the shrine of St. Ronan, by their decorating the village patriarch on St. Patrick's Day, and by the avenues of tombs erected in memory of the dead, who are buried elsewhere in consecrated ground.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Duke of Connaught presided, last week, at the festival dinner of the British Home for Incurables. A large sum was realized in subscriptions during the evening, the secretary announcing donations to the amount of £987, including 25 guineas from his Royal Highness the chairman. Princess Christian presided, in the Windsor Guildhall on the 15th inst., at the last of the free dinners for the children of the poor and unemployed. Four thousand four hundred and thirty-two poor have been entertained at the forty-five dinners which have been provided. The Fishmongers' Company has granted 200 guineas, and the Merchant Taylors' Company 100 guineas, towards the Beaumont Trust scheme for the erection of a People's Palace in East London. The Fishmongers' Company have also sent 100 guineas to the funds of the National Sea Fisheries Association, and have consented to be put on the list of its patrons.

It was stated at a meeting of the committee on Monday, that the Mansion House Fund for the Relief of the Unemployed amounted to £78,292. At the annual meeting of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution on Monday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, it was stated that there are now 92 inmates and 197 out-pensioners. The ancient Royal charities, designated the Royal Maundy, were distributed on Thursday with the customary formalities in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, when sixty-seven aged men and sixty-seven aged women, the number of each sex corresponding with the age of her Majesty, were the recipients. It was resolved, at a meeting held at Hackney last Saturday, to raise funds to establish an Educational and Social Institute in that district capable of accommodating 2000 people, on the lines of the Birkbeck. The Attorney-General, who was present, spoke in favour of the scheme.

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Bank of England, Feb. 8, 1886.

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DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

"We are getting warm, as the children say," murmured the lady novelist. "I don't think she will be able to hold out much longer."

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN HAREWOOD-SQUARE.

On the ensuing Wednesday Mrs. Richter and Miss Dart presented themselves in Harewood-square. Mr. Argand's house was one of the smallest it contained, and they found the little drawing-room crowded with callers. Lizzie had rather feared, from what Miss Argand had said to her, that she would find herself the object of some attention; but the buzz of conversation was only just as much interrupted by their entrance as happens when strangers make their appearance in a circle who are tolerably well known to one another. It was resumed again, as water meets behind the hand that parts it, as soon as they sat down. The company was composed almost entirely of ladies; the few males who were scattered among them had rather the air of chaperons—elderly persons who, having nothing particular to do, had accompanied their belongings to a scene in which they took little personal interest. There were, however, one or two young men of more or less intellectual physiognomy whom Lizzie shrewdly concluded to be paying their respects to the lady of the house with a view to indirectly commending themselves to her brother's notice. It was the ladies who almost exclusively kept up the ball of conversation, and, as a rule, with much more than average success. Their talk was by no means confined to the "movements" of the aristocracy, balls, or bonnets, but dealt with art and literature, as well as the more engrossing topics of the day. Their attire was, in many cases, aesthetic; it was a marvel to Mrs. Richter how their gowns held together, for they appeared to be draped in them rather than dressed. The conversation was not only lively but continuous; it required no lifting from the hostess, who, indeed, seldom joined in it unless she was appealed to. She had motioned the two late comers to the sofa where she sat, as though she desired to have them near her; but she only addressed to them a few commonplaces. It seemed to Lizzie that, though perfectly at ease with her numerous guests, she seemed pre-occupied and a little nervous. Presently, a little knot in her immediate neighbourhood started a topic which appeared to have a keener interest for them than those they had hitherto discussed.

"It is no use our appealing to Miss Argand," said one of them, looking at the hostess with significance, "or I am sure she would corroborate my view."

"At all events, she would not corroborate Mr. Herbert's view," observed another.

"I think not, indeed," said a third, contemptuously, and then they all laughed.

"I don't know what the knotty point is," observed Miss Argand, "which you pay me the compliment of supposing I can unravel."

"Oh, we know you can unravel it," rejoined the first speaker, "only you are so obstinate and unkind. We are

talking about the famous article: concerning its merits we are all agreed; but about its authorship we are as much at sea as ever."

Miss Argand turned very red, and shook her head.

"Now, you mustn't be angry with us," said the second speaker, "and we don't want you to betray your brother's confidence; but do tell us whether it is quite a new hand that wrote it, or an old one that pretends to be new? If the latter, we shall be much relieved, for, though success in any form is to be deprecated, we shall not mind it so much where we are used to it: what we all abominate is rising talent."

"Pray speak for yourself, Mrs. Broom," cried the other ladies, in chorus.

"Not at all," rejoined that lady, who was a novelist of some reputation; "let us be quite honest, and set the example of frankness. Now, don't tell us that it is a new hand."

"I shall certainly not tell you that, nor anything else about it," said the hostess; "it is a subject my brother does not wish discussed."

"Wish discussed!" echoed speaker number three. "Well, upon my word, that is going a little too far. The idea of an editor getting a new genius, or an old one pretending to be a new one, to write him a first-rate contribution, and then not wishing it discussed! Why, of course, that is the very thing he does wish. If it was only moderately good, I can imagine that mystery might be some advantage; but when nothing is to be gained by it, why not satisfy our curiosity? Just consider what an advertisement we should make for your brother; all our tongues going nineteen to the dozen, in the best literary circles, in praise of Mr. Argand's novice, as they say in the sporting journals; or (if it must be so) in praise of some famous author who, we had fondly hoped, had written himself out."

"I must positively decline to reveal the writer's name," said Miss Argand, snatching up a newspaper and using it both as a fan and a screen.

"We are getting warm, as the children say," murmured the lady novelist. "I don't think she will be able to hold out much longer."

"We don't want his name," persisted number three, "or, rather, we are hopeless of getting that out of you. We want to know whether he is a new man."

"And whether he is a young man," observed number one; "that particularly, for it will make him all the more interesting to us."

"Or whether he is a man at all," put in number two. "Mr. Herbert pretends to have discovered, from internal evidence, that the paragon is a woman."

"Mr. Herbert is a great critic," observed Miss Argand, with well affected gravity.

"Oh, come, we are not going to stand that!" put in Mrs. Broom, indignantly; "a more pretentious and untrustworthy guide has never essayed to lead astray the public taste."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment, for everyone knew that Mr. Herbert had fallen foul of Mrs. Broom's last novel in the *Literary Review*.

"Still, he has some discernment," remarked number one; "though not, indeed, as a reviewer"—a murmur of adhesion seemed to pervade the entire room; "and I should like to know what has caused him to adopt such an opinion."

"Well, I have heard," said number three, "that he finds certain tender touches in it."

"In the description of the jockey's spurs?" put in Mrs. Broom, with acidity.

"No, no: in the account of the Danish wives who are waiting in vain at home for the return of their husbands—all slain on Battle Hill; and these, he says, could only have been written by a woman."

"On the contrary, they could only have been written by a man," contended Mrs. Broom. "Of course, a man would make out that the widows were in a dreadful state."

Mrs. Richter gave a little groan: the lady novelist was too much for her; yet, strange to say—such little attention does the ordinary reader pay to what he reads—she had not the least idea that it was her niece's contribution that was under discussion.

"Moreover," continued number three, "Mr. Herbert says, in his article in the *Looker On* this week, that, though the couraging on the downs is so admirably described, it is a feminine view of sport; there is more pity for the hare expressed than 'brutal man' could exhibit."

"In sentiment, at all events," observed one of the young men, whose attention, like that of the rest of the company, had been gradually absorbed by the subject under discussion, "it strikes me that the new writer, whoever he is, is an imitator of Dickens."

"No, Sir," observed Mrs. Broom, authoritatively, "the man who wrote 'A Bit of Old England' has a style of his own, and is an imitator of nobody."

"Good heavens! they are talking about you, Lizzie," murmured Mrs. Richter, in a terrified whisper.

Miss Dart, who had, of course, been aware of the fact from the first, nodded her head as though in reply to some indifferent remark; the conversation immensely amused her.

"I suppose," observed a lady, "there is no chance of our seeing Mr. Argand here to-day?"

"I am afraid not," replied the hostess.

"Well, you tell him," said Mrs. Broom, rising, "that I should dearly like to have the cross-examining of him for five minutes about his contributor. Heaven bless you, my dear." Here she kissed her hostess with much demonstrativeness of affection, and left the room.

"I suppose you will tell us one thing, Miss Argand," observed the young man who had already spoken, as the door closed behind the lady novelist, "it was not Mrs. Broom herself who wrote the article, was it?"

"It certainly was not," answered the hostess. "What should make you think of such a thing, Mr. Wybrow?"

"Oh, only that she praised it so," was the naive rejoinder. At this, there was a general laugh, a clatter of empty tea-cups as the guests placed them on the table, and the rustle which attends the breaking up of a female conclave. Mrs. Richter and her niece also rose from their seats, but, at a whispered word from their hostess, "Be so good as to stay a moment," they resumed them.

Then Lizzie understood at once that the master of the house, though by no means "at home" in the conventional sense, was in fact within doors, and would presently see her. Hardly had the front-door closed, indeed, on the last of the visitors when Mr. Argand entered the drawing-room. He was a tall, spare man of thirty-five, but looking considerably older; his brown hair, united with grey, was already beginning to be scant; his shoulders had that stoop in them produced as much from a habit of keeping their eyes on the ground as from the sedentary nature of their pursuits, which almost always belong to men of thought. His eyes were large, though somewhat sunk, and full of expression. He came in very quickly, holding out his hand with an eager smile. "How good it is of you to have come to us, Mrs. Richter," he said; then, as Lizzie's hand met his, he retained it, patting it as if she were a child, and regarding her with the utmost interest and approval. "So this is really you, is it, Miss Dart? It seems incredible, doesn't it, Joanna?"

"Miss Dart looks very young, as I told you," said Miss Argand, drily, her indifferent manner contrasting very strongly with the excitement and surprise exhibited by her brother.

"Well, and what did you think of our dilettanti; I beg their pardons, I mean our literati? You have nothing to compare with them at Casterton, we flatter ourselves"; here he smiled, and so significantly that it was plain his words of boastfulness had the sense of deprecation.

"I thought some of them very interesting," said Lizzie, "especially Mrs. Broom."

Miss Argand glanced at her brother, as much as to say, "You hear that? Where is the discernment of character of which you talk so much?"

"In what way, interesting?" inquired Mr. Argand. "I am curious to learn how she struck you."

"I thought her very clever and also honest; but with a better opinion of her talents than that entertained by others. Is she 'anybody very particular,' as Mr. Hook used to say?"

"She is anything but particular," observed Miss Argand. "I never knew a woman say such things."

"She is certainly remarkable. Yes, a woman of character. An authoress, too, of considerable note," said Mr. Argand, in the tone of a man who weighs his words, but with a certain distrustful air, as though they were the words of somebody else.

"You know you will never take one of her novels for the *Millennium*, Felix; though she has importuned you enough to have persuaded the Unjust Judge."

"Quite true, my dear; she has only failed because I am too good a judge. Everybody says that sooner or later, Miss Dart, I must call in the aid of Fiction; but then it need not be Mrs. Broom's fiction. On the other hand, she is undoubtedly a clever woman, and, as you say, 'honest,' after a fashion. She speaks her mind."

"What I meant by honest was that she did not seem to be afraid to acknowledge her own weaknesses, or even the merits of others. Perhaps, however, I ought to confess that she was so good as to take up the cudgels for my poor little contribution."

Mr. Argand shot a glance at once astonished and displeased at his sister.

"Oh! you needn't be alarmed," she replied, complainingly.

"I have disclosed no secrets; but, unfortunately, Miss Dart's paper became the subject of discussion in her presence. Even a vivisectionist would have felt for her. However, they never found out that they were cutting her up."

"Isaac Walton could not have treated his worm more tenderly, I do assure you," said Miss Dart, laughing; "they really were most appreciative."

"Literary folk mostly are; it is only the fools and the failures who are grudging," observed Mr. Argand. "Who were there here to-day, Joanna?"

"Miss Rian."

"Poetess," explained Mr. Argand, like a quick chorus; "has written some charming lyrics, and at least one tedious epic; bears the reputation of being a great classical scholar with everybody—that is, with everybody who doesn't know the classics."

"For shame, Felix!" remonstrated his sister.

"Never mind me, my dear; I am only saving Miss Dart's time. She would find all these folk out for herself, and paint them to the life for us in half a dozen sittings. Well?"

"Then there was Miss Dixie."

"Female representative of the higher culture. She'll talk to you by the yard about the Mission of Art. She has the courage of her opinions, and dresses in the Grecian style."

"I noticed her," murmured Mrs. Richter.

"Well, then, perhaps you can tell us how she does it," observed Miss Argand, with an interest that seemed to be aroused in spite of herself. "She assures us that she never uses hooks or eyes, or laces, or pins, or buttons, for her garments. Do you think they are held together by the edges of postage-stamps?"

"That is much too prosaic," said Mr. Argand; "let us suggest, with diffidence, 'everlasting bands.'"

"They are sold at fourpence a box at Whiteley's," observed Mrs. Richter, confidently—a piece of information which was received with suppressed rapture.

The widow's natural and pleasant ways recommended themselves to her host and hostess. Her prejudice, if it could be called by so harsh a name, had already given way to liking for the latter; while the former, to meeting with whom she had looked forward with terror, she pronounced, to herself, quite delightful. With Mr. Argand, Lizzie was, as she had expected to be, at her ease, except, indeed, that she felt she owed him certain acknowledgments she could not speak of now; and which, while they remained unexpressed, left her, as it were, an ungracious debtor; but between Miss Argand and herself she felt there was an invisible barrier, composed of she knew not what. It was certainly not anything of her own creation. She was naturally desirous of being good friends with one so nearly connected with the kindly editor; nor did she herself dislike her hostess; but she was conscious of that instinct of repulsion, wanting only to the most egotistic, and which never errs, and which warned her that the impression she had made upon Miss Argand was unfavourable. It was curious; for not only had she from the first, of course, endeavoured to make herself agreeable to her, but it was plain that Miss Argand had called upon her aunt with the best intentions, and presumably with the desire to be pleased. It could not be ascribed to jealousy; for even if Lizzie had been inclined to plume herself upon her brief and solitary literary performance, which she was far from doing—indeed, the high terms in which she had heard it spoken of astonished and amazed her—Miss Argand was not herself a lady of letters. Her manner again, though distinctly unconciliatory, was as

difficult to define as her reasons for dislike were to discern. It had nothing of the offence of patronage about it; nor of that insolent neglect which women of fashion do not scruple to use in their own houses to guests of their own sex whom it is not worth their while to cultivate; it was not even exactly cold. But what graciousness there was in it seemed to be admitted against the grain. Her face, however, had never expressed such decided displeasure as it did when Mr. Argand presently said, "Now, Joanna, you must do your very best to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Richter, for I am going to talk to this young lady about business matters." "Then you had better go into the back drawing-room," was the grave rejoinder—a reply evidently rehearsed beforehand, and which seemed to be dragged out of the speaker by the roots. To this proposition there was, of course, no alternative but to consent; and Miss Dart rose at once and passed with her host into the next room, which, though undivided from the larger apartment by either door or curtain, admitted of private converse.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

Mr. Felix Argand was one of those men who, with all the will in the world to be precise and neat, are inherently the reverse in practice. He boasted that he knew where to lay his hand on every manuscript in his office, and not without reason; but, to the looker-on, it seemed incredible that to such a labyrinth of confusion there could be a key of any kind; he was accurate and punctual in all things, but he arrived at these virtues by a way of his own which would have driven anyone else who pursued it distracted; the simplest operations of arithmetic he performed in a manner that Colenso never dreamt of, but nevertheless successfully. With the work of his hands, he was equally peculiar, but the result was not so felicitous; he was, in fact, dreadfully clumsy. To wheel an easy-chair into a quiet corner for his companion's accommodation, and to place a footstool beneath it, was by no means with him what "to snatch a battleaxe from the nearest foe on the one hand, and to strike man and horse to the earth on the other," is to the hero of romance—i.e., the work of an instant. It took a considerable time; but he went about it with the enthusiasm of a "navy at a barrow." Miss Dart could not help smiling at his laborious arrangements for her comfort, but she nevertheless appreciated them; they were evidently exceptional marks of favour with him. When they were completed to his mind, he sat down close beside her, and, in a tone in which sincere respect was strangely blended with curiosity, he said, "Now do, pray, tell me all about yourself, Miss Dart."

"But I have told you, or at least written to you, Mr. Argand, all that could possibly interest you about so small a subject."

"Pardon me, but you did not tell me; you rather misled me—though, I do not doubt, without meaning it. I had pictured to myself somebody wholly different."

"In what way?"

"It is hardly fair to put that question," he answered, smiling; "perhaps I expected too much—in the way of age. You're absurdly young, you see, to be a contributor to the *Millennium*."

"I am very sorry; perhaps in ten years' time, or so, I may be competent for it. Is there no method of accelerating ripeness? Would you recommend me to go round the Cape?"

He laughed long and softly, eking out his mirth like one who enjoys something rich and rare, rocking himself to and fro, and nursing his knee, but at the same time looking at her steadfastly.

"I recommend you to do nothing," he said, earnestly, "but to follow in all things your own suggestions. There are minds which, in literary matters, require a hint or two to start them, as some pumps require a few drops of water to set them a-going; and there are others to whom every recommendation from without is an obstruction and an embarrassment; you belong, I fear, to the latter class."

"Why did you say, 'I fear'?" inquired Lizzie. "If it is as you say, I shall give you less trouble."

"I did not know that I had said 'I fear,'" he answered, simply; "it was an unconscious outburst of selfishness; I had flattered myself, before I had the pleasure of seeing you, that I might have been of some assistance to you in the path you have chosen."

"You have been of more assistance to me already than gratitude can express," she answered, eagerly; "that is what I have wanted to say to you ever so long; for though it is only a few days since I received your kind letter, it seems a life-time: your words of encouragement have indeed given me new life."

He listened to her like one who partakes of some pleasure of which his judgment, if not his conscience, disapproves, but who cannot resist prolonging it. "It is only fair and right," he said, "to tell you that you are mistaken. You are like a passenger at some great railway junction who has happened, through information supplied by a passer-by, to have just hit his train; if he had not done so he would have caught the next, and if not that the next. I have been so fortunate as to offer the first opportunity of making you known to the world—that is all: genius, like murder, will always out."

Miss Dart shook her head and smiled. "I am going to put a very impertinent question, Mr. Argand. Are you quite sure if this insignificant contribution of mine, of which I must say it seems far too much has been made, had not appeared in the *Millennium*—if, in short, you had had nothing to do with me—do you honestly believe you would have thought so highly of it?"

"As regards the *Millennium*, I boldly say 'Yes.' I should have been transported with envy had I seen it anywhere else; but as to your second question—well, if I had not seen you, of course I should have thought less of your talents. What is merely excellent in the writing of a man of fifty is a miracle in one of fifteen."

"And would you have thought I was fifty?" inquired Miss Dart, smiling.

"No; because your pen has too light a touch; but I should certainly have thought you nearer fifty than fifteen. In that very misleading account of yourself, you say that you have been engaged in tuition for the last eight years. How could that possibly have been?"

"I might have been a nursery governess, and taught spelling, surely, while I washed the baby and dressed the children, and wheeled the double perambulator."

"Stuff and nonsense! You?"

"It is true, however, that at sixteen I was pupil teacher in a ladies' college."

"Dear, dear! And was that necessary?" inquired Mr. Argand, with compassionate earnestness.

"It was right and fitting, at all events; as to necessity, my dear Aunt Jane, yonder, would no doubt have kept me in idleness out of her scanty income to this day, had I allowed her."

Mr. Argand's eyes flashed towards Mrs. Richter a look that seemed to say, "Excellent woman!" and then flashed back

again to his companion. It seemed as though he could read her genius in her features, so great was their attraction for him.

"Well, and then?"

"I stayed at the college nearly eight years, and then went out as a governess to —, near Casterton, as you know: that was my first situation."

"And you have had no experience of life?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"It is wonderful; it is incredible," he murmured. "But where did you get all your knowledge of social matters? It is only hinted at, of course, in what you have written; but it has not escaped me."

"I have read whenever I had leisure for reading."

"What have you read?"

"Everything that came in my way."

"Not excluding the newspapers, it seems?"

"Certainly not; that was the only means I had of knowing what was going on in the world. I have always thought for myself; now I want to see for myself."

"What is it you want to see?"

"Everything. Not the Tower and the Thames Tunnel, but the world; not society only—which is a very small portion of it—but human life. That is the only thing that now interests me."

"Why do you say now?"

The colour flew to Miss Dart's cheek. "Because I have given up teaching, and wish to be a student myself." Up to this point Mr. Argand had been well convinced that his companion had been telling him the whole truth; it was now equally plain to him that she had something to conceal. He would have given much to hear what it was; but he would not for worlds have called up that blush again, for there had been distress and pain in it.

"I wish the *Millennium* was a newspaper," he said, smiling; "you would make an admirable special correspondent."

"Would not a home correspondent be of some use to you? A writer who would treat of social matters—not, indeed, from a new point of view, but from an old one which has been forgotten?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"It is difficult to explain myself; yet I know what I mean. Every social question seems now covered by layers of dust—the result of party feeling and conventionality; there are new ways of looking at them—mostly Utopian or immoral—but they cannot even be seen. Would it not be possible to let the light of Nature in upon them? You will say, this requires originality of mind. Not at all. It only requires simplicity; nay, even a sort of ignorance. There have been humorous attempts at looking at civilisation from without, through the eyes of barbarians, but I am a serious barbarian."

"Very true," said Mr. Argand; he was not thinking of her definition of herself, but of her proposition. "If anyone else had made such a suggestion to me, I should have laughed at it; but you have exceptional advantages for such a task."

"You mean disadvantages?"

"To a certain extent, yes," he answered, thoughtfully. "Has your mind dwelt long upon this scheme of setting the world to rights?"

"Yes; but very vaguely. It is only of late that it has obtruded itself."

"Some shock, no doubt, has brought it to the surface. Just as the fall of a large stone into a lake will bring up objects at the very bottom to the face of the water."

"Perhaps." Her eyes were rivetted on the carpet; her lips were drawn together; her cheeks were once more crimson.

"Well, you can try your hand."

"Thank you." Her tone had gratitude in it, but also a sober satisfaction and relief. It was not so much that of a person who has made an appeal which has been granted, as of one who has made a suggestion likely to be of common advantage which has been acceded to.

"There is only one thing more," said Mr. Argand; "you must understand that this is to be a business affair; that you and I are talking as editor and contributor, and in no other relation with one another."

"Of course," she answered, simply. "How else could I have ventured to ask what would have seemed a mere favour?"

Mr. Argand bit his lip. "I hope, Miss Dart, even if it had been so, you would not have hesitated to ask me a favour?"

"Certainly not. I am under much too great an obligation to you already to feel the weight of a little more kindness or indulgence; but this is a professional matter, wherein to ask a favour would not have been fair."

"That is not, by any means, the view of the ordinary contributor, I do assure you," said Mr. Argand, with a sigh—the echo of many a reminiscence. "However, what I was about to say is that, since we have come to an understanding about this affair, the usual arrangements must be entered into. The proposition you have made me, may, and indeed must, entail certain expenses. You will, therefore, not be offended when I say that you must allow me to advance you what is requisite?"

"Offended!" she put in quickly. "Why should I be offended? I have been accustomed to take five pounds five shillings—the last not always in silver—every quarter for my professional services. That is one of the things that strike me as so strange in the world: why people, who have, perhaps, very little delicacy about anything else, should be so sensitive about money matters. The workman is worthy of his hire; only, I object to his being paid before his work is done."

"But in this case, as I say, there may be initial expenses: money out of pocket."

"Then I will come to you with my account. I am afraid, Mr. Argand, you must think me dreadfully practical," she added, softly.

"I think you—quite right," said Mr. Argand. The sentence, which had begun enthusiastically, seemed to end coldly, discreetly, and in a manner that he had not intended. "It is a great mistake to mingle sentiment with business."

"Yet, to judge by your letters," she answered, gently, "you allow sentiment—if, at least, kindness and pity come under that head—to influence your conduct even as regards practical matters."

"You are thinking of your young friend at Casterton. Well, of course, I was touched by his peculiar circumstances; but not to the extent"—here he smiled, as he flattered himself, like a rogue; but, to Lizzie's eyes, it was a very pleasant smile—"of engaging his services for the *Millennium*. I only recommended him to somebody else."

"But even that was kind."

"I don't know. It is as troublesome to refuse to grant a favour as to ask one of another."

"Not to a selfish nature."

"We men are all selfish. It is true, however, that we are not all brutal. Though sentiment does not affect our dealings, social matters have, no doubt, a great influence on them. It is said that more bargains are struck in the city at luncheon time than during any other hour. Personal acquaintanceship, no doubt, oils the wheel of business life better than the best professional introduction."

"And is it not the same in literature?"

"That is a very delicate question. Indeed, with an editor, it is a sore subject. Personal acquaintanceship is his bane. If a man knows me enough to nod to, that is urged as a reason for my accepting a contribution—if not from himself, from some protégé. If I take a lady down to dinner, she writes to me next morning offering a MS. upon that ground. With those he knows more intimately it is even worse; for to refuse a friend admission into 'our columns' is to lose him. An editor should have no friends, to start with. I sometimes wish that all my communications with my fellow-creatures could be carried on through the post, so that I need never be brought face to face with them."

"But this is very discouraging," observed Miss Dart, with gravity.

"Do, pray, believe me," he added, quickly, "that I am not universally morose. There are contributors whom I have desired to know, and, having known, appreciate all the more. Indeed, it is one of the chief recommendations of a literary calling that it introduces one to the people who are best worth knowing."

"I can well imagine that," said Miss Dart, enthusiastically. "How charming it must be to have one's ambition in that way gratified!"

"But it is not *my* ambition," returned Mr. Argand, drily. "I appreciate its advantages, of course; but the profession of letters is not my ideal of life. Perhaps I have no ideal; but what I take most interest in is politics. That seems to astonish you."

"It amazes me. Do you wish, then, to be in Parliament?"

"Most certainly I do."

"And on which side?—for from the *Millennium* I am not even able to gather that."

"I hope not. I shall be on neither side. If ever I take my seat in the House—which is very improbable—it will be as a very independent member. However, that is a subject which can hardly interest you. We were talking of Mr. Matthew Meyrick. His poems are really very creditable to him—and to you for having discovered them. I hope the young gentleman is better."

"I am afraid he will never get better. He has, I fear, an incurable disease—some ailment of the spine."

"Still, that is not always incurable. He should come to town, and see Dredge about it."

"Dr. Dredge? That is the gentleman Dr. Dalling spoke to me about, to the same effect, at Burrow Hall. How I wish I could persuade Matthew to see him!"

"I should have thought you could persuade him to do anything," said Mr. Argand, simply. "What is it, Joanna?"

His sister was standing behind his chair.

"I have already addressed you twice, Felix," said that lady, with a complaining air; "but you paid no attention to me. Mrs. Richter has matters to attend to at home; and wishes to know when your conference with Miss Dart is likely to be over."

"It is not late," said Mr. Argand, with a little irritation, produced by his sister's manner, rather than her words.

"It is, indeed," cried Miss Dart, consulting the watch her aunt had given her on the day she had come of age. It was only a silver one, but it had cost that lady a month's income.

Lizzie rose in haste, and as she did so, the circling notes of a gong below stairs made themselves heard.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Richter, from the next room, "we are actually keeping Mr. and Miss Argand from their dinner, Lizzie."

"It is only the dressing gong," explained the hostess, graciously. "Her brother hastily whispered something to her; to which she replied, 'Impossible; not to-day: there is not enough.'"

The words were inaudible to her visitors; yet one of them, at least, guessed what had been said.

Lizzie held out her hand to Mr. Argand. "I thank you once more for your great kindness."

"Don't talk of that," he said, but he took her hand, and returned its pressure warmly. Doubtless, he forgot the circumstance—as his sister often said, "Dear Felix was so absent"—since, after escorting his visitors to the front door, he again took her hand; which, Mrs. Richter afterwards observed, though not absolutely improper, was unusual: like being helped twice to soup.

(To be continued.)

The state apartments at Windsor Castle are open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays (Good Friday excepted), from eleven till four o'clock.

The Honourable J. Gordon Sprigg, M.L.A., Treasurer-General of the Cape of Good Hope, has been appointed to represent the colony as Executive Commissioner at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Sir Charles Mills, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for the colony, will continue to act as Executive Commissioner until Mr. Gordon Sprigg's arrival.

At a special general meeting of the Social Science Association, held last week, a motion, of which due notice had been given, for the dissolution of the association and its amalgamation with some other body, and an amendment recommending a continuance of the annual congresses having been considered and ultimately withdrawn, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. Hastings, M.P., seconded by Mr. Mark H. Judge, "That the action of the association should be suspended for the present; and that a committee of twelve be now appointed to reduce, within the smallest practicable limits, the expenditure, to clear off the existing liabilities, and to call the society into active existence whenever the circumstances of the time might seem favourable."

It has been officially notified at the War Office that the Attacking Force at Dover on Easter Monday will be commanded by Major-General Dunne, commanding the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot; and the Defending Force by Major-General W. Cooper, commanding the 1st Infantry Brigade at Aldershot. Officers commanding corps which send detachments with Colonel Moncrieff's marching column to Dover must themselves make arrangements for supplying their men with ammunition for the field-day on Easter Monday. It has further been notified that each man of detachments taking part in the Portsmouth Easter Review must carry in his haversack the rations that will be required during the day.

Sir Sydney Waterlow, and subsequently Sir E. Hay Currie, presided at a special meeting, on the 15th inst., of the council of the Hospital Sunday Fund, to consider a number of suggestions which have been made with a view of increasing the amount of the fund this year. Among the suggestions were that a large number of public meetings should be held throughout the metropolis, including a large one to be held in the City, in the week previous to Hospital Sunday, and the special meeting resolved to form a sub-committee with the view of approaching, and endeavouring to induce, among others, the following gentlemen to take part in some of the meetings:—The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Mr. Henry Irving.

SKETCHES AT HAMPSTEAD.

North-west of the great basin which extends to Sydenham and to Shooter's Hill in a south-east direction—which was, two thousand years ago, all forest and marsh, with the Thames forming broad lagoons, and islands overgrown by thickets of thorn or willow, or daily submerged by the tide, save where a cluster of native British huts arose on the green mound about Cornhill—there was and is a notable eminence, commanding distant views of the surrounding region. The panorama is a circle formed of the whole range of North Downs in Surrey, the upper windings of the river to near Richmond, the Chiltern Hills of Buckinghamshire, with their eastward branch on the Hertfordshire border, and the woodlands of Waltham or Epping Forest beyond the River Lea. This was the country of the Trinobantes, the earliest known inhabitants of the site of London; and it became, after the Roman garrison had withdrawn, the abode of the Mid-Saxons, who gave their name to Middlesex. Hampstead is the highest point, though only some twenty feet above Highgate, and is the more conspicuous by standing at the western extremity of the range now sometimes called "the Northern Heights of London," so overlooking the West Middlesex plain to Uxbridge and the gradually rising landscape as far as Pinner. You may see Hampstead, indeed, from Windsor Park, and the flag on the Royal Castle from the Castle of Jack Straw. Forgetting these modern names of places familiar to us, it may easily be understood that in a remote age—when this part of Britain was a wilderness haunted by semi-savage tribes—the summits of Telegraph Hill, the top of the Heath (near Jack Straw's Castle), Windmill Hill, or Parliament Hill, might often blaze with beacon fires, which could be discerned and promptly answered by watchmen fifteen or twenty miles distant, giving signals of the approach of an invader. It might be, in the changes of centuries, that of the legions of Cæsar, marching through Kent and Surrey; that of a powerful British nation, the Iceni, whose confederacy extended over the eastern counties; or the piratical Saxons, Danes, or Norsemen, rowing their war-boats up the Thames and Lea. The Trinobantes were early subdued; Cassibelanus or Caswallon (whose four thousand chariots of war are purely fabulous), was defeated by the Romans somewhere in West Middlesex; and they afterwards founded, under the reign of the Emperor Claudius, a military and mercantile colony in London. But when the Iceni, led by their injured Queen Boadicea, and doubtless joined by a revolt of nearer British tribes, came hither to fight the disciplined soldiery of Suetonius on Pentonville Hill, and to be driven into the Fleet at "Battle Bridge," with terrible slaughter, it is very probable that Hampstead was one of their places of encampment. The vague remembrance of such an incident seems to be preserved in the tradition still attached to a mound on Parliament Hill, supposed to be a sepulchral "barrow," where some of the slain warriors who followed Boadicea may possibly have been interred.

Hampstead may thus claim a presumptive importance in remote antiquity; and its "Parliament Hill" is conjectured to have been a place of deliberative meetings for chiefs and councillors whom we know not, in times of confusion that followed the overthrow of the Roman dominion. Two hundred years, from A.D. 410 to 609, intervened between that epoch and the arrival of the East Saxons in London. Outside the walled city on the banks of the Thames, moor, marsh, and forest, according to the nature of the soil, were the habitation of the primitive race; wild beasts, including wolves, deer, and foxes, roamed over much of what is now London. But the physical conditions of the site—at least, the configuration of hill and valley, must have been the same; and Hampstead Hill, or the group of hills belonging to it, is remarkable as containing the sources of several different streams, the Fleet, the Ay or Ty Burn, and the West Burn; which as they flow to the Thames, though now mostly in covered channels, make well-known divisions of the crowded metropolis. The Fleet, a river four miles in length, is formed by two confluent, one flowing through the Highgate ponds, from Caen Wood, the other through the Hampstead ponds, uniting at Kentish Town, and passing by King's-cross, or Battle Bridge, thence by Clerkenwell and Farringdon-street to Blackfriars. The Tyburn rises in what till lately were the Conduit Fields, on the west side of Hampstead, where stand now the stately houses of Fitzjohn's-avenue; it passes west of Primrose Hill, across the north part of Regent's Park, into Marylebone; another Hampstead brook is that which gives the name of Westbourne to many places in Paddington and Bayswater. Hampstead, in this way, dominates the natural water-system of great part of London; a fact of some topographical interest, which may be remembered in looking at the pretty ponds on the East and West Heath. But its waters are sadly degraded in their lower underground course; the Fleet, once a navigable tidal creek for barges at the foot of Ludgate-hill, is now a main sewer; the western streams, however, contribute to the expanse of the Serpentine, and of the lake in St. James's Park.

As for Hampstead Heath, it is justly dear to Londoners, and is invaluable as a place of healthy recreation; we still find it pleasant; but its beauty depends chiefly upon the preservation of Lord Mansfield's noble woods, crowning the ridge that connects Hampstead with Highgate. If that private estate were ever sold to speculative building contractors, along with the adjacent grassy fields, including Parliament Hill and Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson's brickfields, the East Heath would lose all its attractions to the eye of taste, and would become a mere ugly playground. We do not know what will happen. Will the Metropolitan Board of Works, or the City Corporation and its wealthy Companies, or some benevolent millionaires, or the House of Commons, please to bestow a sum of £250,000 for the salvation of the most delightful scenery near London? No, they will not; our children and grandchildren will be deprived of what we have long enjoyed. The West Heath, on the other side, looking over Hendon, Willesden, Harrow, and Finchley, has fine rural prospects, extending into the neighbouring counties of Bucks and Herts; while its own surface, broken into many dells (and some hideous gravel-pits), is rendered picturesque by the abundant growth of blooming gorse and heather. Both parts of the Heath are under the legal guardianship of the Metropolitan Board, and nobody is allowed to pluck a flower. The worst desecration and deformity of the scene had unhappily been perpetrated some years before it came under their official protection. We mean the erection of that detestable modern hamlet in the hole styled the "Vale of Health," close to the upper pond of the East Heath; where a huddle of paltry new small houses, a monstrous tavern, built in the castellated style, with dismal tea-gardens, noisy dancing platforms, and painted swinging machines, adjacent to the Salvation Army Barracks, deface the spot in which Keats and Shelley listened to the nightingale, and responded to its liquid strains with the soul of lyrical poetry.

Keats—yes, there is the poet, we fancy, still resting in another favourite seat of his, at the end of Well Walk, shown in our Artist's first Sketch, being now as it was nearly seventy years ago, when Coleridge and Leigh Hunt greeted

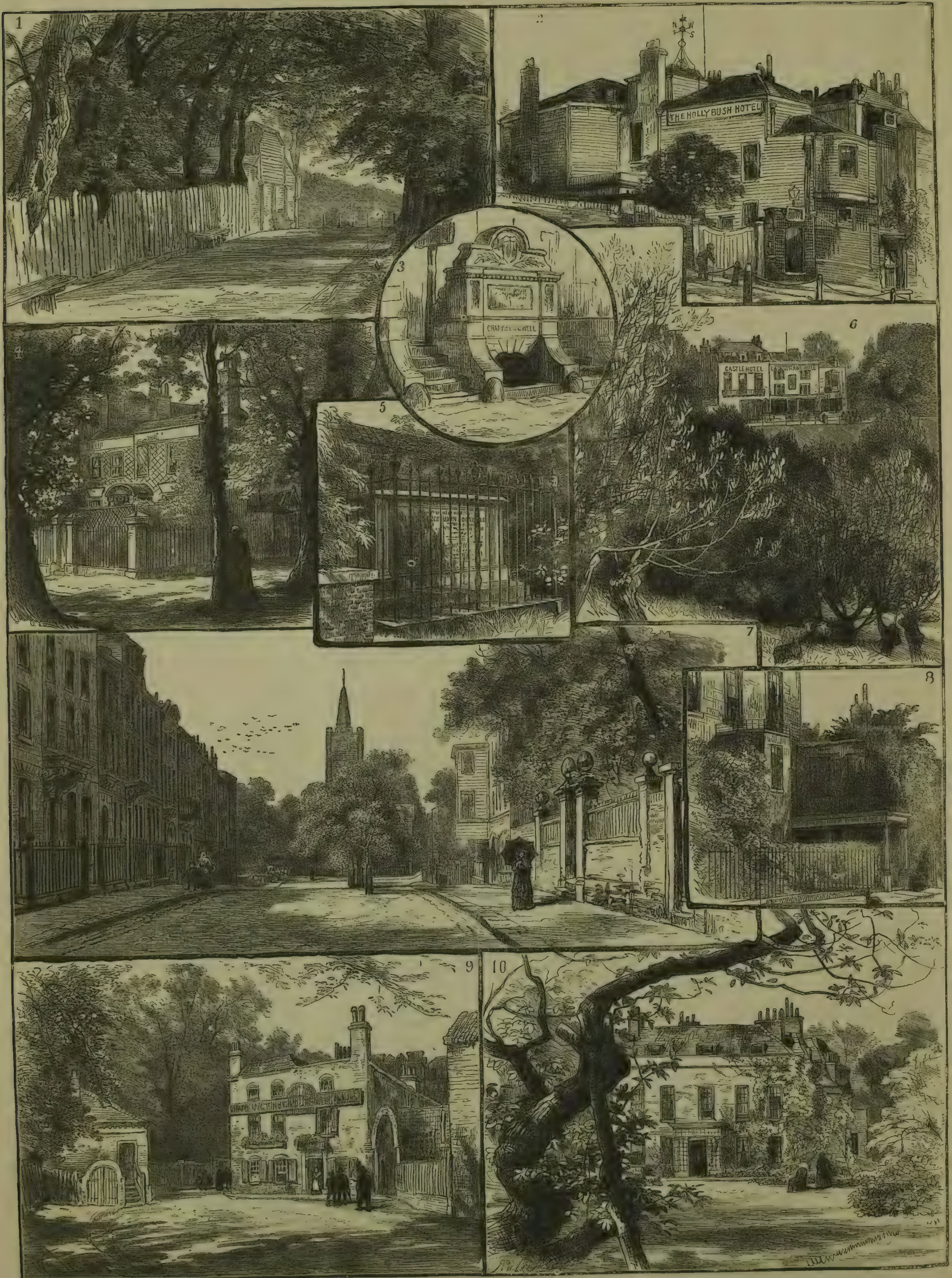
the invalid sitting there, shook hands with him, took leave of him, and said to each other, "There is death in that hand." Keats lived in John-street, near the bottom of Downshire Hill, but not in the house now labelled "Keats' Cottage"; it was in the next house that he lived, close to his friend Charles Armitage Browne. Leigh Hunt dwelt some time in a cottage at the Vale of Health, where Shelley visited him, and they used to sail paper boats on the pond. Byron was a visitor there; Coleridge used to walk over from the Grove at Highgate. But Hampstead is rife with literary, artistic, and biographical associations. The house called "The Upper Flask," now a private residence, and much enlarged, in a walled garden at the top of the village, at the corner of East Heath-road, was once the "Upper Bowling-green House", where the Kit-Cat Club used to meet in Queen Anne's days, Sir Richard Steele, perhaps Addison, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, for witty and lively talk, over a cool cup, under the old mulberry-tree. In a later generation, when Richardson wrote his "Clarissa Harlowe," he made Lovelace convey the heroine to this fashionable house of entertainment, from which she virtuously escapes. There were two places called by this name of the "Flask," ostensibly for the drinking of the medicinal chalybeate waters, the fountain of which is in Well Walk, with a memorial structure, shown in one of our Sketches.

We cannot answer for the medicinal water; but a glass of very good ale may be had at more than one place in Hampstead. There is the Castle Hotel, better known as "Jack Straw's Castle," supposed to stand on the ground where that rude leader of rustic insurgent rioters, second in command to Wat Tyler, encamped in the reign of Richard II. There is the "Hollybush," in a quaint back street—where Romney, the painter, lived—a snug house, with a small assembly room, once Romney's studio, now used for lectures, concerts, and well-conducted dances. At the north-east corner of Hampstead Heath, where the lofty, open, terrace-like road from Jack Straw's Castle meets the inclosure of Lord Mansfield's demesne, and turns sharply downhill to skirt the Bishop's Wood on the way to Highgate, there was, not long since, a turnpike gate. The old-fashioned tavern bearing the name of "The Spaniards," from some members of the suite of Gondomar, the crafty Spanish Ambassador, having sojourned there in the time of James I., is worth a visit. We have sat, sipped, and smoked in the garden, looking towards Finchley. Again, in the road by North End to Golder's Green and Hendon, there is the pleasant "Bull and Bush," with excellent beer and other refreshments; likewise possessing a curious old garden, with bowers and arbours, where Joseph Addison, a better man and writer than most of us, did not disdain to solace himself, and to meditate an essay in the "Spectator." Jack Straw's Castle is a good house; and Charles Dickens, in company with John Forster, there enjoyed his "red-hot chop" and glass of good wine; it has the remains of a Dutch garden, also curious; but the foraging explorer who walks half a mile farther will not be disappointed.

He will be tempted, indeed, to linger outside those agreeable hosteries, for the sake of neighbouring private houses, which are of much historical interest. Just before reaching "The Spaniards" he will notice a modest-looking white house, with its end to the road, terminating in a plain little portico; this was the abode of a very clever, accomplished, and thoroughly genial person—no other than Lord Erskine, perhaps the greatest of British forensic orators. He was not so great a lawyer as the first Lord Mansfield, but the reader of Lord Campbell's "Lives" will like Erskine much better as a man. There was a tunnel or subterranean passage across the road, to a garden which Erskine had on the other side, but it is now closed. Lord Mansfield's house of Caen Wood, or Ken Wood as the name was spelt in his time, is quite invisible, being surrounded by the beautiful trees, beeches, elms, and cedars, disposed with consummate taste and skill. Instead of pursuing the road towards Highgate, let the stranger first inspect some charming shady nooks at this corner, where the nightingale still deigns to sing; and then, crossing over again, plunge down, below the cluster of firs, westward to the bottom of the grassy heath. Wildwood, close to North End, is the mansion in which the great Lord Chatham, in 1767, when he was afflicted with a gloomy despondency that resembled temporary insanity, shut himself up in a closet for months, refusing to see or speak to any human being, and making his servants hand in his food through a hole in the wall. The smaller houses at Wildwood have been tenanted by happier persons in our own time; here lived, for awhile, the good authoress of "John Halifax," and here lived good Miss Meteyard, than whom no better woman has put pen to paper; but she cared more for Josiah Wedgwood than she did for Lord Chatham.

The biographical reminiscences, however, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, locally connected with Hampstead, would fill much space by a bare recital of them. Our Artist, being naturally partial to the memory of artists, has selected the tomb of John Constable, R.A., for the subject of a Sketch. But did not Clarkson Stansfield, R.A., live in the old house on Greenhill, High-street, which has recently been taken for the Public Library? Were not Romney and Morland, Fuseli, Linnell, the mystic dreamer Blake, J. R. Herbert, R.A., and other artists, resident for some time here? Are not Mr. Du Maurier at Grove House and Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., and Mr. Pettie in Fitzjohn's-avenue? With regard to literary celebrities, a host of them—not, indeed, all first-rate—might be cited for Hampstead; of the ladies only, Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Lucy Aikin shall be named. As for Judges and lawyers, besides Mansfield and Erskine, there is one, immensely their inferior in character, but who gained much political influence, Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough and Earl of Rosslyn. His mansion and grounds, at the entrance to Hampstead, gave the name to Rosslyn Hill; and, because he was a Lord Chancellor, the names of Thurlow, Eldon, and Lyndhurst are fixed on roads laid out in Rosslyn Park. Lord Chesterfield resided for a time at Shelford Lodge; Bishop Butler occupied the house that had been Sir Harry Vane's; Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister who was assassinated, lived in Belsize Park; the house of Mrs. Siddons, the greatest English tragic actress, is shown in one of the Sketches.

Hampstead, we regret to confess, will soon have lost its quaint old-fashioned aspect; the zeal of local authorities for modern improvements is straightening and widening High-street, destroying picturesque shop-fronts, ancient taverns, and various oddities of building, which we shall be sorry to miss. There yet remain, about the Grove, Windmill Hill, and Upper-terrace, at Branch Hill and at Frognal, and around Squire's Mount, a few genuine examples of the mansions of the last century. Still, most characteristic of moderate antiquity, of the period of George II., or not much later, is that respectable, merely neat and quiet, not at all grand or elegant old street, like such as may be found in small provincial towns of little traffic, leading to the parish church, and to the interesting old churchyard. The Artist gives a view of Church-row, with the sacred edifice, which was built in 1747, and is not beautiful, but which is graced with ivy and stands on a favourable site. There is a modern church, with a very conspicuous spire, erected in a higher situation at Hampstead, and visible for miles around.



1. Well-walk and Keats's Seat.
2. Holly Bush Inn.

3. Chalybeate Well.
4. Mrs. Siddons' House.

5. Constable's Tomb, Hampstead Churchyard.
6. Jack Straw's Castle.

7. Church-row.
8. Erskine House.

9. Spaniards' Inn.
10. Upper Flask.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: HAMPSTEAD.



AN EASTER OFFERING.—DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1885) of Mr. Joshua Dixon, late of Winslade, near Exeter, who died on Dec. 7 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Abraham Dixon and George Dixon, the brothers, and Henry Elliot Dixon, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £280,000. The testator bequeaths to the Bethnal-green branch of the South Kensington Museum, free of legacy duty, all the drawings in water colour or other medium, and all the pictures in oil, other than that of "Valeruce Abbey," together with the frames and case frames, wall or standard, in which they are contained, which may be in his house of Winslade; and all the framed engravings hanging on walls on the ground floor, being engravings of pictures of Rosa Bonheur, of Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin," of "See-saw," of "Horse-shoeing," of landscape by Turner, and of "Past and Future," by Margaret Gillies; all the Japan vases, eight Japan panels, being six framed together and two in pole stands; all the bronzes, the plaster cast of two men struggling together, two pieces of electro-plate by Elkington—viz., the Milton Shield, with the stand in which it rests, and the Pompeian plate; two statues in marble, one of Diana, and the other a copy of Canova's Venus, with their pedestals; and five pictures in porcelain, with their frames, which are in his house of Winslade; and he directs that the same shall be exhibited in the said Bethnal-green Branch Museum to the public free of charge, with permission, after one year's possession and exhibition, from time to time to lend the pictures and drawings temporarily, in part or in whole, for exhibition elsewhere, on condition of receiving, in return for like temporary exhibition at the Bethnal-green Museum, other pictures and drawings of somewhat similar importance and value. He also bequeaths an annuity of £1000 to his sister, Mary Dixon; £8000 to Mrs. Ward; and legacies and annuities to servants and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two thirds, upon trust, for his nephews and nieces, the children of his late brothers, Thomas and William Taylor; and the remaining third between his said brothers, Abraham and George.

The will (dated May 4, 1880), with a codicil (dated April 7, 1883), of Mr. John Dennison Hargreaves, late of Woodlands, Staffordshire, who died on Jan. 10 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Theodore Julius Hare, Edward Akroyd Ridgway, George Isaac Foster Cooke, and Mrs. Frances Amelia Jessie Hargreaves, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £162,000. The testator bequeaths £300 each to the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables; £1000, and all his furniture, plate, household effects, three carriages and horses, to his wife; his books, pictures, and prints he leaves to her, for life; £2500 per annum to his wife, and he appoints to her as well £500 per annum out of the trust property under the will of his father; he also gives her a life interest in the leasehold house which shall be his principal residence at his decease, and, during the minority of his children, in his dwelling-house at Ardrishaig, Scotland. There are legacies to executors, servants, and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his children.

The will (dated so far back as June 10, 1828) of Mr. Thomas Jones Milne, formerly of Carlisle, but late of Harrogate, Yorkshire, who died on June 5 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by George William Mounsey, as one of his next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £114,000. There is one legacy of £50; and the residue of his personal

estate the testator leaves, upon trust, for his aunt, Dorothy Heysham (who died in his lifetime), for life, and, at her decease, for all the children of his uncle, John Heysham, and the lawful issue of such as may be then dead.

The will (dated July 6, 1860) of Mr. Charles William Henry Gage Fitzroy, formerly of Wheathamstead, Herts, but late of No. 31, Beaufort-gardens, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Mrs. Caroline Emily Fitzroy, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for all his children by her, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 8, 1883), of Frédéric Alfred Pierre, Comte de Falloux du Coudray late of Angers Impasse des Jacobins, and of Ségre Maine et Loire, France, who died on Jan 6 last, was proved in London, on the 19th ult., by Comte Albert Henri Terence de Resseguier, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £32,000. There are some bequests for charitable purposes, and a few others; and the testator appoints as his universal legatee his relative, Comte Georges de Blois.

The will of Sir Peter Stafford Carey, late of the Island of Guernsey, who died on Jan. 17 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Charles Egerton Carey, the son, Julius Alphonso Carey, and Miss Emily Jane Carey, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his son Charles Egerton; and many legacies, pecuniary and specific, to children and others. The residue of the personalty he gives to all his children.

The will (dated July 13, 1878), with a codicil (dated Jan. 29, 1883), of Mrs. Mary Wigram, late of Much Hadham, in the county of Herts, who died on Feb. 5 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Clifford Wigram, the son, and Alfred Money Wigram, the grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £250 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Bishop of St Albans' Fund; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves to all her children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1884), with two codicils (dated Jan. 3 and April 30, 1885), of Mr. Alfred Harford Hartland, late of Fern Hill, West Malvern, Worcestershire, who died on Feb. 8 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by John Brend Winterbotham, James Batten Winterbotham, Mrs. Eleanor Hartland, and Miss Eliza Honoria Meall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator gives to his wife his household furniture and effects; and, for life, his residence Fern Hill, and an annuity of £500. There are bequests to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Eleanor Hartland, and to executors, servants, and others. The ultimate residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his grandsons, William Harford Hartland and Edward Lewis Hartland.

Lord Salisbury has consented to accept the freedom of the Grocers' Company, which will be conferred upon him on May 29.

At the meeting of the Court of Common Council on the 15th inst., the City seal was ordered to be attached to a contract by Mr. John Jackson for the construction of the abutments and piers of the proposed Tower bridge for £131,343.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

The rustic little maiden, who comes timidly into the Squire's park, to bring that kind old gentleman a small nosegay of the earliest flowers of spring, may have been sent by her father and mother, a poor and laborious couple, with an honest wish to express their gratitude for some act of bounty in the past hard winter. It is doubtful whether they will ever possess "three acres and a cow," but they have good hearts; and their good little girl has already learnt a lesson for which she will be the happier all through her life. Mutual regard and sympathy, that "one touch" of human nature which "makes the whole world kin," that free flow of social feeling which carries the precious freight of universal charity over the barriers of rank and wealth, must sweeten our mortal experience more than can be done by Act of Parliament. The affection naturally arising between an old man and a child, one of the purest sentiments that can be realised among mankind, is here encouraged by the tender influence of the season, by the soft fresh air and mild sunshine of April, the song of birds in the hedge, where green leaves begin to show, and the renewed verdure of the grass. It is a pleasant moment for the good old Squire; and Easter Day, with its Christian associations, will have been fitly observed by his doing some other kindness in the neighbourhood, when he comes home from the village church.

The Corporation of Dewsbury have resolved to erect a new Townhall, at a cost, including land, of about £38,000. The Renaissance style of architecture has been selected.

Statistical tables relating to emigration and immigration from and into the United Kingdom in the year 1885 have been issued. The total number of emigrants in that year was 264,385, showing a decrease, as compared with the previous year, of 39,516. The immigrants in 1885 numbered 113,549, being a decrease, as compared with 1884, of 9917.

It is proposed to establish, under the title of the Kensington Athenæum, an institution, in the parish of Kensington, for the promotion of science, archæology, art, and literature; and at a recent meeting of the committee formed to decide on the working of the scheme, it was resolved to commence by establishing a lecture-room and library under the above title, leaving its further development to be decided by the amount of support received. Applications respecting admission fees and other information should be addressed to Mr. J. F. Hodgetts, hon. secretary, 53, Finborough-road, South Kensington, S.W.

At St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School the William Tite scholarship of £30 has been awarded to Mr. Arthur Francis Stabb; the Peacock scholarship of 40 guineas per annum, for two years, to Mr. Francis C. Abbott; the third year winter college prize of £20 to Mr. C. H. Eccles; the third year winter college prize of £15 to Mr. Edmund Hobhouse; the third year winter college prize of £10, in addition to second tenure of the Musgrove scholarship of 40 guineas, to Mr. F. Fawcett; the second year winter college prize of £20 to Mr. Thomas P. Cowen; the second year winter college prize of £10 to Mr. H. G. Turney; the first year winter college prize of £20 to Mr. A. C. Lancaster; and the first year winter college prize of £10 to Mr. C. R. Box.—At the London Hospital Medical College, the hospital scholarship, of the value of £20, for proficiency and zeal in clinical medicine, has been awarded to Mr. G. C. W. Wright; and that of £20, for proficiency and zeal in clinical surgery, to Mr. H. G. Lys.

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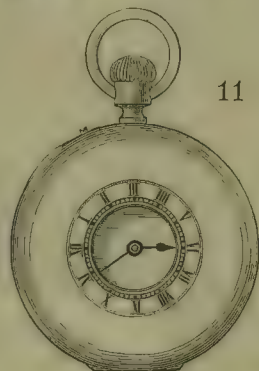
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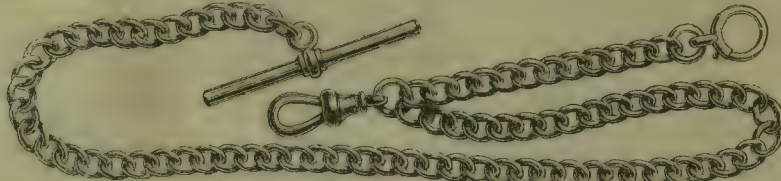
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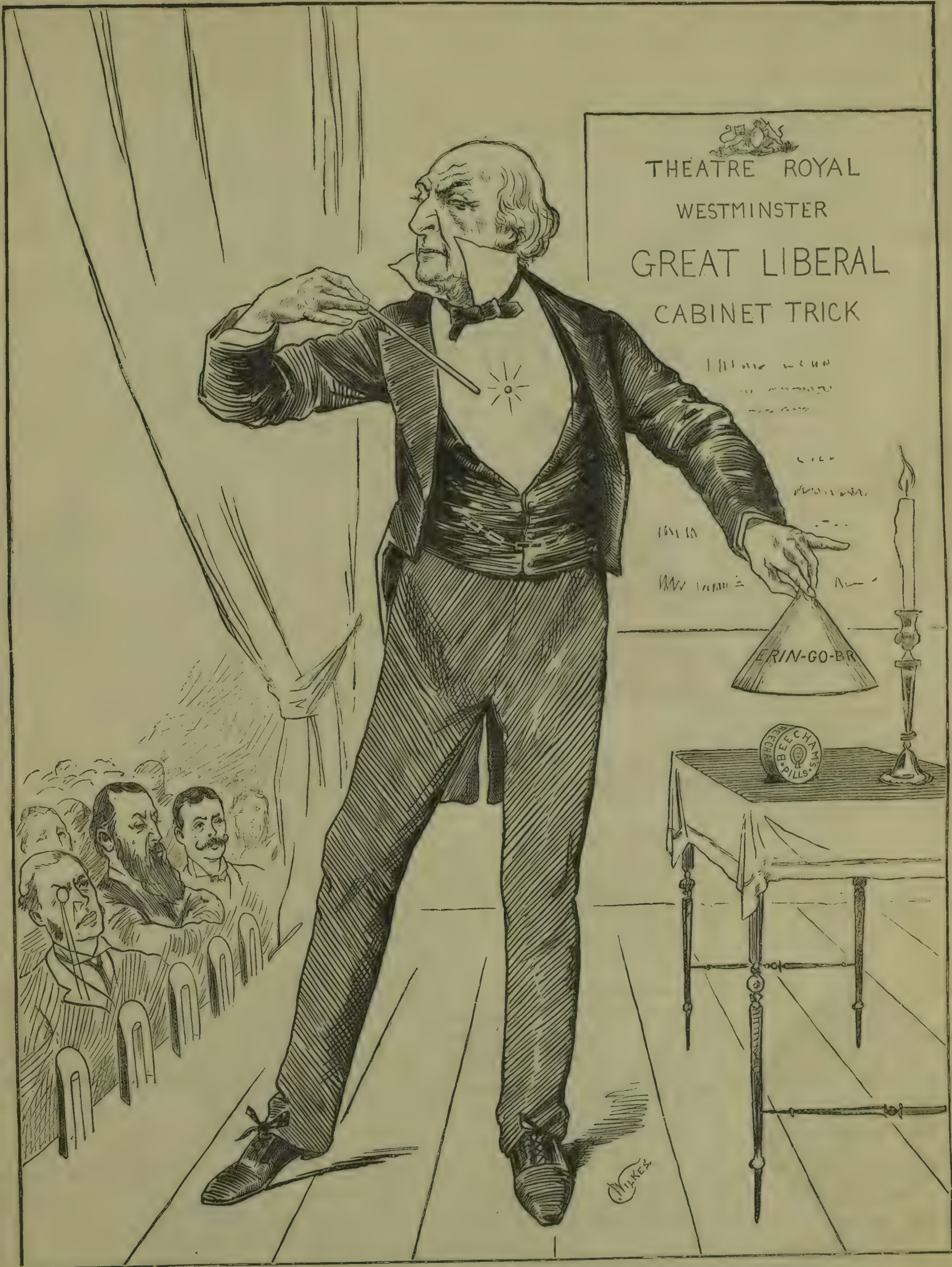
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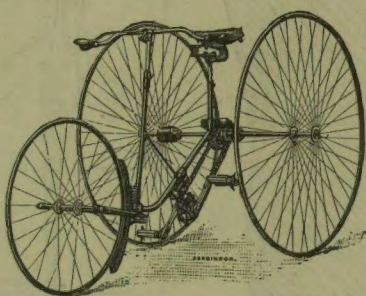
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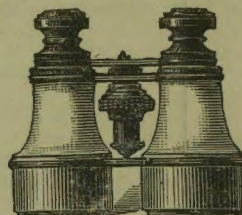
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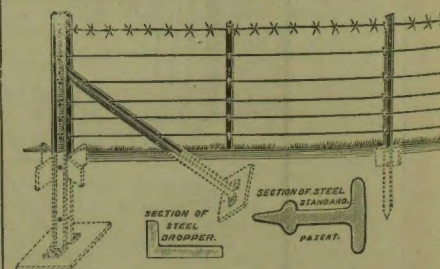
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UNIONIST MEETING AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, HAYMARKET.

The Opera-House styled "Her Majesty's Theatre," in the Haymarket, was the scene of the great political demonstration, on Wednesday week, against Mr. Gladstone's Irish Government Bill, in opposition to which leading statesmen of different parties, both Conservatives and Liberals, stood on the same platform and spoke on behalf of the prepared resolutions.

Admission to this meeting was by tickets obtained from the offices of the "Loyal and Patriotic Union." The demand for tickets immensely exceeded the number that could be accommodated. The theatre will hold an ordinary audience of three thousand; but there must have been five thousand assembled in front of the stage, which served as platform for the speakers, while six hundred were seated upon the stage. The doors were opened at half-past six, an hour and a half before the time at which the proceedings were announced to commence. Long before this, however, a large crowd gathered outside; at the opening of the doors a rush was made, of course, and the pit and galleries were filled in a few minutes. Nor was it long before the other parts of the house began to assume an appearance of life. Tier after tier was filled; the seats in the stalls were soon occupied; the distinguished ladies and gentlemen for whom boxes had been reserved began to arrive; and the seats on the platform quickly found owners. At the back of the stage was a patriotic device, composed of two Union Jacks, a crown, and a shield; a couple of similar flags were drooped one at each side of the stage; above, at the top of the proscenium, was a huge scroll with the motto, "Quis Separabit?" To give a complete list of the persons of distinction who were present in various parts of the theatre would be impossible. The Duchess of Marlborough was in one box with a numerous party, the Marchioness of Salisbury was in another, and Baroness Burdett-Coutts occupied a third. Lady Randolph Churchill also had a box, and amongst the audience, either on the platform or in the body of the house, were hundreds of the nobility and members of the House of Commons, with ladies or young persons of their families, the gentlemen being mostly in evening dress. The interval of waiting passed, as it does in such assemblages, with the entertainment provided by the gallery, who, commanding cheers or groans for personages popular or obnoxious to them, much astonished some of the later arrivals on the platform. These, not knowing the game going on, were apt to take the demonstrations as personal greetings, and to be delighted or startled according to their character. A band of music posted in the wings began, at seven o'clock, to play a selection of national airs, and gave a ready incentive to the enthusiasm of the vast throng, which cheered again and again for her Majesty as the strains of the National Anthem vibrated through the building. As well-known public men came in, a hearty welcome was accorded them. At eight o'clock, a general uprising of the meeting, loud and prolonged cheering, and the renewed playing of the band, greeted the appearance of Earl Cowper, who, wearing his Garter ribbon, advanced to the chair. His Lordship was there installed, with Lord Salisbury on his left and Lord Hartington on his right hand, and further supported by Lord Cranbrook, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Mr. Goschen, Mr. David Plunket, and other representatives of the Legislature, in the centre of a long array under the indignant question, "Quis Separabit?" Lord Cowper, who for two years was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the Government of Mr. Gladstone, rose, and in a few sentences struck the keynote of the meeting. He said they were face to face with what it was no exaggeration to say was a national calamity. Tremendous cheering followed this assertion, drowning and extinguishing a feeble cry of "No!" which rose against it. The proposal of the Government was fraught with great evils to Great Britain, and would be, if it were carried out, most disastrous to Ireland.

The noble chairman sat down amidst plenty of cheering, and Lord Hartington rose to move the first resolution. Again the whole house rose, recalling the past traditions of the Opera-House, when some great vocal triumph has been gained by the prima donna of the day. When the cheering had subsided, the ex-leader of the Liberal party made a spirited justification of his present action, and gaining warmth as he went on, emphasised the complaint which he had already preferred in the House of Commons that the country had received at the last General Election no warning of the scheme which the Prime Minister now propounded. Largely following the lines of his former speech, his Lordship said, amid loud cries of negation, that the bill would be carried—if it were carried at all—and then the indignation changed to mirth—because anticipations had been widely entertained of violence, of disturbances, and of outrage by which its rejection would be followed. He moved—"That, in the opinion of the meeting, any proposals tending to invalidate the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland would prove disastrous to the interests of both countries." When Lord Hartington sat down, amidst a repetition of the applause which had greeted his rising, the well-known Radical M.P. for Burnley, Mr. Peter Rylands—whose jealousy of any proposals to augment the national burdens has often brought him into direct conflict with his Parliamentary chief—rose to second the resolution. He ridiculed the notion of the Irish people paying the proposed tribute to England, and expressed his strong disbelief that after the first year or two they would be willing to pay one farthing. He hoped that the degrading capitulation and the terms of dishonour proposed by the bill would be unhesitatingly condemned by the people of this country. The Earl of Fife, as a Scotch Liberal, supported the motion, which was adopted by the meeting; its unanimity was tempered only by the timorous display of some half-a-dozen hands "to the contrary."

To Lord Salisbury, who moved that the resolution be embodied in a petition, was given a magnificent reception, with general waving of hats, fans, handkerchiefs, and papers, which by the degree of its enthusiasm testified emphatically to the mainly Conservative composition of the audience. The noble Marquis made a very forcible and impressive speech. The brilliancy of the Prime Minister's effort he acknowledged, but only to draw the conclusion that if such eloquence, experience, and ability failed to produce a tolerable measure of Home Rule, it showed that the problem was insoluble. No middle term, he argued, could be found between home government at Westminster and separate government at Dublin. The conditions of federation were wanting, and autonomy would lead to separation, as it had done in the case of the Turkish provinces. The government of Ireland, he held, involved no unmanageable difficulty, if the people of the country would be true to the Empire.

Mr. Goschen, following Lord Salisbury, devoted himself to an effective rejoinder to the Prime Minister's reproaches on the previous night. Justice, he said in one severe passage, was often represented blindfolded, but he did not know that her worshippers, too, were to remain blindfold until the bandage was torn off by expediency and fear. If their houses were burned, Captain Shaw would put them out, said Mr. Goschen;

and if the dagger of the assassin were brought again into play, they would make their wills and do their duty.

The later speakers included the Right Hon. David Plunket and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, the first of whom delighted the audience with an example of Irish eloquence, while he pleaded for the country "which he loved as well as any Nationalist," and for the loyal minority of the population. Mr. Smith and Mr. E. R. Wodehouse completed the spectacle of party union, and the vast meeting closed in a proper way by joining in the National Anthem with loyal heartiness, and giving three cheers for the Queen. The proceedings had been admirably conducted; all the speakers were warmly received and attentively listened to. Indeed, it may be said that the meeting throughout was most orderly, despite the interruptions of a few malcontents and the discomfort in which the majority were compelled to sit or stand. The large force of police, which, in view of an intimation that an amendment would be moved to the principal resolution, it was thought desirable to have in readiness, found little to do; and the peacefulness and practical unanimity of this, perhaps the most influential political demonstration Londoners have ever seen at a theatre, will duly add to the weight which such an expression of public opinion must undoubtedly possess.

Numerous letters of apology and regret for non-attendance at the meeting had been received. Among them was one from the Earl of Derby, saying he heartily sympathised with the object; also one from the Duke of Argyll, who wrote:—"I am very sorry not to be able to attend your meeting. I am in complete sympathy with the views represented by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons. The mere proposal by the Government of such enormous changes in our fundamental laws was not, I think, justifiable under the circumstances of the late general election. The scheme itself is recommended by arguments and analogies wholly inapplicable to the case. It is thoroughly unworkable in its structure, whilst the failure of it could not fail to involve the United Kingdom in the most serious dangers."

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This year's exhibition of the "Institute" can scarcely be regarded as up to the usual average. The council, probably moved by the criticisms which were levelled at their preference for the works of members over those of outsiders, have this year given a wide hospitality to the latter. The result is not altogether satisfactory; and it can scarcely be urged that the new-comers send anything to compensate for the absence or restricted presence of so many well-known water-colourists. Another reproach which at once suggests itself is the absence, not only of imagination, but of originality in so many of the works, even by painters of some reputation. For instance, Mr. G. F. Wetherbee's "Autumn" (260), and the same artist's "Three Witches" (470), are not merely inspired respectively by Jules Breton and the late Mr. F. Walker: they are absolute plagiarisms of those painters' works; and so, in a less degree, are Mr. Weatherhead's "Chelsea" (997), Mr. John Scott's "Feeding Time" (388), and even Mr. George Clausen's charming sunny group of "Mowers" (412) all of which show that not Nature but someone else's rendering of it have been uppermost in their minds when at work. The president, Sir J. Linton's most important work, "Romeo and Juliet" (608), can scarcely be regarded as a success. The sleeping Juliet on her bier has more of a lay-figure than of a real body, in which the blood still moves, whilst Romeo's extended arms and general pose are at once without dignity or passion. In his single studies of figures, "The Knight" (480), and "Alice Lee" (509), Sir J. Linton is perhaps more like himself in his exquisite technical skill; but the latter, seated at a piano of a somewhat modern construction, is singularly deficient in that sort of character we are accustomed to ascribe to Sir Walter Scott's well-known favourite; whilst his "Olivia" (268), from "Twelfth Night," is portly rather than stately. In this school of single-figure painting, which bestows infinite pains upon details, Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Hoyden" (428), a bright faced girl in white, seated on the arm of a chair, is by far the most successful; but Mr. Edwin Bale's "Reader" (21), a woman in a yellow dress against a pale blue curtain; Mr. N. E. Green's "Desert Lord" (111), a clever Haag-like Arab chief; and Mr. J. C. Gotch's "A Novel" (582), a girl reading, are amongst others which deserve special notice on account of the quality of the work. Of the figure-pictures in which incident plays a more important part, two especially attract attention—Mr. Abbey's "March Past" (593), and Mr. Frank Dadd's "Food for Powder" (614). In the former, we have a raw recruit, in white duck trousers and red coat, showing his newly-acquired paces before a group of country girls. The mixture of vanity and sheepishness in the man, of jesting and earnest interest in the girls, is rendered with all that delicate refinement which characterises Mr. Abbey's work. Mr. Frank Dadd is better known as a humourist: his touch is broader, and his sense of the comic, perhaps, greater. It comes out excellently in the figure of the ostler who has been brought in by the recruiting-sergeant, as well as in that distinguished dignitary himself; the vagabond poacher and doubtful shepherd lad, who await their turn of inspection by the officers—drinking, smoking, and playing cards in the discharge of their duties—are also strongly rendered. Mr. Towneley Green is a clever artist who, on more than one occasion, has distinguished himself; but one would be glad to know why, in such a composition as "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair" (884) all the characters should be leaning at precisely the same angle. If the idea be to convey the sense of motion, it is scarcely successful, and spoils an otherwise pretty picture. Mr. F. M. Skipworth, who made so distinct an advance in his art last year, seems drifting into a mannerism which must hinder his future success. Lolling ladies must be carefully treated, and filial sentiment sometimes drops into mawkishness when the same theme is repeated with slight variations. There is really little to distinguish such works as "Keep still, &c." (93) and "Pets" (923), beyond their titles. Mr. W. L. Thomas has followed (at some distance) a notable leader in his "Boulogne Sands" (100): and, although his work may have less of the photographic prose of Mr. Frith's well-known picture, it cannot compete with it in technical skill or clever grouping of the latter's art. Mr. T. W. Couldery's "What's Up?" (139), a group of street arabs crowding to the parapet of the Embankment, and showing their hard faces over its hard granite lines, is scarcely a picturesque subject; but M. L. Da Rios—a new name—scores a very distinct success in "La Tombola" (221), a well-grouped table full of Venetian washerwomen playing at lotto, or some such game of chance. Of course, without Pasini and his better-known followers in this country, Van Haanen, Logsdail, De Blaas, and Mr. Luke Fildes, we might probably have never seen M. Da Rios' work—but it has many qualities, especially when it is remembered that he uses water-colours as his medium, which suggest that ere long he will occupy a distinct position amongst the purveyors of Venetian out-door life to English amateurs. Passing to the landscapes and marine paintings, we find a large selection, but not many which need arrest our

attention. Mr. J. Knight is more than usually strong with his broad masses of colour, dark olive-green and ruddy brown predominating. "The Shore near Harlech" (157) and "Autumn" (349) show his powers at the best; and in Mr. P. Ghent's "Passing Showers" (984) he has an instance of the sincerest form of flattery, which does no small credit to the flatterer. Mr. A. Severn, at all events, is always bold and original, and his three works this year show no falling away from his personal view of art. The sunset "Clouds over Coniston" (99), is full of life and striking colouring, and is far more attractive than the "Sunset at Sea" (191), where the broken waves suggest blocks of lava; but both of these are tame and conventional in comparison with the "Storm-Clouds passing over Venice" (1037), which deserves a high place in the art of which Constable was the high priest—the art of depicting the whistling wind and driving rain. Among other sea-pieces should be mentioned Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Beaching a Pink" (1063)—a scene of the Dutch coast—the katwijk, on horseback, going into the sea for the rope thrown from the vessel; Mr. E. Haggitt's "Poole Harbour" (907), one of the most attractive landscapes in the exhibition; Mr. Walter May's "Misty Sunlight" (821), where fancy and feeling have embellished nature; Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Cloud and Showers" (991), a open country with fine atmospheric effects, and a fitting companion to Mr. J. Aumonier's "Sunlight and Shadow" (946), a work which perhaps displays more imagination; Mr. Napier Hemy's "Whiffing for Pollack" (796) is a bright fishing-scene, with a boat well set on the water; and curiously enough it also finds an unintended pendant in Mr. R. H. Carter's "Catch of Grey Mullet" (733), in as dark and dangerous a looking sea as Mr. Hemy's is bright and tempting—with which Mr. H. Macallum's "Lance Fishing" (685), may be compared. With these one is tempted, however, to contrast Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Landing Sardines at Low Water" (338), a number of bare-armed brawny fisher-girls coming ankle deep through the water bearing the fish which the boats have just brought over the harbour bar. It is a trifle hard in its line and thin in colour, but, like all Mr. Macbeth's work, it is very clever and attractive. The inland scenes include Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "Wild Wales" (171), Mr. Charles Potter's "Caernedd Llewellyn" (797), with the first rosy touch of morn on its snowy top; Mr. F. W. Hayes's "Moel Hebog" (753), Mr. Alfred Parsons' "By the Avon" (526), and Mr. Thomas Pyne's "Thames Below Streatham" (313), all of which show much commendable work. Scotch scenery is well represented by Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Pass of Brander" (266), a very impressive rendering of this most beautiful spot on Loch Awe; by Mr. Moxon Cook's "Isle of Arran" (285), in the early morn; Mr. H. G. Hine's "Snowdrift" (399), a high and exposed part;—and for the Border scenery we have Mr. J. Orrock's "Beal Sands" (1006), and the same artist's "Mount-sorrel Mill" (634). Among other works which want of space alone prevents from noticing at greater length are Mr. J. E. Grace's "Deep in the Woodland" (1054), Mr. G. Montbard's "Fountain in Cairo" (921), Mr. Thomas Huson's "Mowers" (868), and Mr. F. E. Cox's "Haymaking" (972); Mr. Claude Hayes' "Scanty Pasture" (835) and Mr. G. S. Walters' "Holland in Winter" (772), two snow-clad scenes; Mr. Yeend King's "Cottage Home" (85) and Mr. W. H. Wheeler's "Surrey Barn" (773), true bits of English country life; Mr. W. Simpson's "Great Wall of China" (725), somewhat vulgarised by the preparations for an English picnic; Mr. C. E. Holloway's "Mouth of the Yare" (809); Mr. Walter Langley's "Departure of the Cornish Fishing Fleet" (707), M. Jules Lessore's "Fish Market" (631) and "Place du Marché" (645) at Dieppe; Miss Ellen Hill's capital rendering of a scene from "Pride and Prejudice" (511), Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Breakfast" (486), and Mr. H. Caffier's "Out of Date" (455); Miss Rosalie Watson's "Town and Country Cousins" (297) and Miss Jane Dealy's "Want to get Out" (91), a Dutch child in a lobster pot. Mr. J. Sherrin's studies of animal life are, as usual, excellent, of which "Mining with a Sentry" (43), two rabbits, is the most noteworthy; but this year he shows almost equal care in his rendering of fruit, as in "Grapes and Peach" (438); whilst among the flower pieces, few excel in delicacy and correctness Miss Kate Sadler's "Meg Merrilies," a bunch of white chrysanthemums in a glass, on a white tablecloth.

The formal opening of the new branch of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to Gravesend took place last Saturday.

The polling at Ipswich last week resulted in the return, by narrow majorities, of two Conservatives—Mr. C. Dalrymple and Lord Elcho—to fill the seats vacated by the unseating of Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. West (Liberals). Sir Horace Davey and Lord John Hervey were the Liberal candidates.

It must be twenty years, we think, since Mr. W. R. Greg wrote his powerful article on the lowest deep of French fiction. Since that time there has, if possible, been a lower deep still, and writers like Zola, in their endeavours to be realistic, have loaded their pages with indecency and filth. Whether M. Zola would regard Flaubert as the master of his school, we do not know, but, however superior the latter writer may be, his literary art is of a similar character. In *Salammbo*, Englished by M. French Sheldon (Saxon and Co.), we have a translation of his most significant romance, written many years ago. The extraordinary ability of this tale of Carthage is incontestable, and in the attempt of the writer to revive the life of antiquity, he displays a vast amount of learning. In our judgment, however, the aim of the realistic school, as carried out in "Salammbo," is antagonistic to true art. According to the writer of the introduction, "the exquisite humanity of all the central figures is here and there almost Shakspearean." A more unfortunate criticism could scarcely have been made. Shakspeare never dwells with microscopic minuteness on what is morbid, loathsome, and horrible; he does not delight in sickening imagery; and for Shakspeare to have depicted such a character as the leper Hanno would have been impossible. Neither, we venture to say, could a scene like that given here, in strongly coloured detail, of the heroine's conduct in the tent of Mitho, have come from the pen of our great dramatist. It is a significant fact that the novelists who maintain that their art demands from them a faithful representation of life with which morality has nothing to do are the novelists who invariably represent that aspect of life which is the most brutal and degrading. But the scope of imaginative literature is too wide a subject for discussion here. The translator of "Salammbo" had a difficult task, and he does not always succeed in giving Flaubert's meaning in language "understood of the people." Assuredly the ordinary novel-reader will cry out for an interpretation of the following passage:—"In the fourth dilochia of the twelfth syntagma, three phalangites, quarrelling about a rat, waxed so wroth that they killed each other with blows of their knives." It is stated that this remarkable romance, the fruit of travel and learned research quite as much as of imagination, is now translated in English for the first time.



THE GREAT UNIONIST MEETING AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA-HOUSE IN THE HAYMARKET, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14.

MORNING IN SAINT MUNGO'S CITY.

Spring-time has come, by the calendar; and out in the country fields the sunshine will already be sparkling on the melted diamond-sprays of last night's frost, while the stalwart Clydesdale horses, as they drag the shining plough-share through the soil, draw into their ample chests the freshness of the new life that is in the air. But in the city there is little difference yet till the sun is high in the heavens; and down here by the river, though it is seven o'clock, the morning mist has hardly even begun to disappear. The first steam-car has not yet come up from Govan; there are few marks of wheels upon the newly-swept roadway; and the only passengers to be seen are white-trousered artisans, hastening to their work in the ship-building yards. Over there, between the road and the river, behind that high wooden palisade, lie hidden some half a million tons of iron, part of the great iron "rest" which the trade of Glasgow needs; for these are the mysterious "Connal's stores" whose ebb and flow is watched with so jealous an eye by speculators. Some of the workmen turn down by the end of the palisade towards the river. There is a ferry here. Yonder, through the opening in the harbour sheds, above the ferry steps, rises the white jet of steam from its safety-valve. The morning air is still cold, and the white heat of the engine fire, as the stoker throws it open, casts a comfortable glare about the little deck. Passengers are scarce at this early hour, and the two ferrymen, wrapped up in thick pilot jackets, who came on at six o'clock, exchange a bluff "Mornin'" with their regular customers.

But the little ferry itself lets off a sudden shriek of steam, and with much noisy display of energy moves out into the river. The sluggish tide is black enough to rival the Styx, but every day it rolls towards the sea a wealth undreamed of by the golden streams of California. Three miles on either side stretch unbroken these lines of granite quays covered by substantial loading-sheds; no bridge obstructs the waterway, and the greatest steam-ships in the world can sail up to the Broomielaw, the very heart of Glasgow. But, see! through the brown mist, above the spars of that vessel anchored in midstream, the sun is burning his way, and a lane of shimmering gold floats along the surface of the glassy water. Yesterday, sixty miles away, among the lonely hills of Lanark, the sunshine fell fuller upon these waters; but they were stainless then, and laughed merrily and sparkled as the sun kissed them. A mile beyond sight there, to the east, at the head of the harbour, rise the massive arches of Jamaica Bridge, its name recalling the early days of Glasgow's West Indian trade. About as far in the other direction down the river are the great ship-building yards, where the clang of iron echoes all day long, and half the navies of the world are made. And, further still, the waters, as they sweep towards the sea, pass the quiet town of Renfrew, whose Baron is the Prince of Wales.

But hark! what a deep, hoarse roar was that! Suddenly, before the ferry-boat has quite crossed over, loom up through the mist the great black bows of an ocean steamer. The spray curls from her cutwater as she bears steadily onward to her quay. It is the Irish mail-steamer belated by the fog; the double look-out are peering anxiously from her fore-castle, and the captain and pilot have been all night upon the bridge. It would be no pleasant matter to be confronted suddenly by these huge bows amid the darkness of a starless night at sea. The ferry-boat, however, is out of danger, the great screw churns up the water again, and, with no further need for sounding the fog-horn, the steamer moves onward through the clearing mist to her own special berth.

Here, on the north side of the river, the air is filled with the ringing of a thousand anvils. Not "under the spreading chestnut-tree," but beneath smoke-darkened roofs of glass and iron, and amid the heat and roar of the city, do these blacksmiths ply their hammers; yet none the less honest is the toil for all that. Along the quay face, here, are the boiler-making works and engine-shops, where labours an army of workmen, and whence issue the gleaming titan shafts of steel that are to conquer the elements.

And suddenly past these gates, with their clatter of rivet and clang of steam-hammer, passes from the ferry a youth in scarlet cloak and scholar's cap. Well-nigh as early as the more material toilers, he is on his way to Gilmorehill, beyond the Kelvin, where stands the Alma Mater of the West. For at Scottish colleges the students are non-resident; each lives at his own private lodging, and his actions are uncontrolled outside the classes. Up the long street from the river, with quick light step, passes the wearer of the scarlet cloak; through Sandyford, where is now neither ford nor sand, but where the open doors of the bakers' shops are already sending forth the appetising smell of new bread, and where the comely servant lasses, in snowy cotton "wrappers," are laughing and blushing at the artful words of the ruddy milkman, as they come out to his cart; up through the iron gates of the West-End Park, and into "the classic ground of Kelvin-grove, where the crocuses, yellow and purple and white, are beginning to open, and the air is fresh with the fragrance of the mossy grass slopes. High up there, on the terraces above the park, their balconied windows gleaming in the morning sun, rise the homes of the city's merchant princes; and yonder to the left, on the hill beyond the brimming Kelvin, above the brown branches of the trees, rise, grey and rich and massive, among the fast melting mists of the morning, the steep roofs and towers of the University.

It is almost eight o'clock, and along every gravelled path, from east and south, come through the park the streams of red-cloaked students. All sorts and conditions of men are here—the careless son of prosperity, who will not much mind the ploughing that is in store for him; the keen-featured self-seeker, intent upon nothing higher than the pocketing of some bursary; the heavy-eyed carouser, who, with splitting head, is reflecting on last night's jollity; and the pale, worn student, who is too evidently burning out life itself along with the midnight oil. In one thick stream, laughing and chatting, or anxious and silent, they descend to the Kelvin, and pour across the little bridge. How many are the hopes and the fears that have crossed that bridge—how many heavy hearts are moving over it now? For the pursuit of learning is real, and the defeat of the seeker is bitter. That man with the sad, hollow eyes, whose face lights up so at a kindly greeting, is tasting this bitterness. His hopes of years have been withered here—he will never pass into his profession. He began too late, and the gates are shut to him for ever. The session will end in a few weeks now—he has striven hard, and the striving has been in vain. Far away in a quiet Highland glen there is a little household that has pinched itself to send him here, and whose hopes are staked on his success; there is a grey-headed father, whose eye lighted with confident pride as he bade his son god-speed; there is a mother who, as she pressed a last secret gift into his hand, smiled through her tears at the thought of honour to her boy; and, besides, there is—another, alas! How can he go home again to them, and say that he has failed? But, hark! There is the college bell; and, as the lagging footsteps hasten on the path, the sun breaks full upon the grey hillside, and falls with an equal glory upon the heads of all.

G. E. T.

NEW BOOKS.

It is always difficult to write with entire fairness of contemporary politicians. The author, however strongly he may wish to be just, must have a bias, and this will lead him, perhaps unconsciously, to omit a number of details which are in favour of a political opponent, or unfavourable to his own party. In *The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria*, by G. Barnett Smith (Routledge and Sons), there is every indication that the author wishes to write history truthfully; but it is noteworthy that the men who come nearest to us—Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone—are treated with the least impartiality. Faults are, we think, brought out too prominently on the one side, and perhaps ignored a little too generously on the other. Indeed, we believe that a decade or two, at least, must pass away after the death or retirement of a great statesman before anything like a just and final verdict can be passed upon his conduct. It follows that Mr. Smith's earlier sketches are his best, and the political estimates of Peel and Palmerston, of Derby and Aberdeen, leave nothing to be desired. The ability of the book and the careful labour bestowed upon it will be obvious to every well-informed reader. The author may justly boast that his book is not one to be slept over. It bristles with points of interest and controversy, and gives in a lively way the history of a most important period. Of course, it would be possible to take exception to statements expressed too strongly and to opinions fairly open to controversy; but, on the whole, Mr. Barnett Smith deserves our thanks for a work which is wholly entertaining and not a little instructive.

In a volume entitled *Free Public Libraries: Their Organisation, Uses, and Management* (Simpkin and Co.), Mr. Thomas Greenwood has brought together a mass of statistics, and given a variety of information on a subject of prime importance. When we say this, we are not in the least exaggerating the great benefits these institutions are likely to confer on the country. The fact is, that the instruction given at the Board Schools may be said to lose half its value unless the desire thus incited to gain knowledge can be gratified by free libraries. The taste for reading may save many a young life from wreck; and, in all cases, it is one which multiplies the pleasures of life, and softens its asperities. Considering how successful many of the free libraries have proved, it is strange that, after a period of five-and-thirty years, there should be only 133 in existence, and stranger still that London should be almost totally without them. Indeed, the Wandsworth Free Library, which was opened in October last, is said to be the first instituted under the Public Libraries Act in the metropolis. A person at Hackney appears to have been remarkably proud of his achievement in stopping the movement there; but it seems incredible that any body of men, if the matter be put clearly before them, can object to a penny rate for a purpose which, directly or indirectly, benefits every householder and every family. Truly does Sir John Lubbock say that it is better to spend our money on libraries and schools than on prisons; and truly did Mr. John Bright say to the young men present at the opening of the Birmingham Free Library that the books collected there might prove a priceless gain to them throughout their lives. There are drawbacks, no doubt, to this, as to every good cause, and the amount of fiction consumed at some of the libraries is enormous. At Liverpool, for example, taking the reference and lending libraries together, the total of works of fiction issued during one year was nearly 513,000, while less than 13,000 volumes of natural history were issued, and about 16,300 books of poetry and the drama. We are not sure, however, that the proportion in favour of fiction at a free library is at all greater than at many a costly subscription library. It is said that the United States are greatly in advance of England in these means of education; but it is possible, as many Americans think, that though reading is more widely diffused, it is not more wisely directed. In some cases there would seem to be a kind of hot-bed forcing instead of natural growth; and, according to a Commissioner of Education, the girls at a school in connection with a public library in Massachusetts, by studying "Goldthwaite's Journal" came to have a perception "of all those elements by which the professional critic is enabled to give judgment upon the value of any novel as a work of art." Think of it, a school of female critics! Is it jealousy or a better feeling that leads us to question which would be the more hateful, the journal or the girls? On second thoughts, we can but anathematise the one and pity the others. We have to thank Mr. Greenwood for bringing together a large mass of materials, including reports and figures, that may be studied with advantage.

Miss Gordon Cumming's long wanderings in the Pacific have produced several most readable books of travel, such as "At Home in Fiji," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," "Fire Fountains of the Sandwich Isles," and "Granite Crags of California." The author now gives us another glimpse of her travels; this time it is the "Middle Kingdom" to which we are treated, under the title of *Wanderings in China*. Miss Gordon Cumming's works stand high among books of travel, from their tone and from the kind of knowledge she gathers. She is a most industrious collector of valuable details, and has a ready and most pleasant style of recording them. In China she was lucky in the guides she chanced upon, such as Bishop Russell, of Ningpo, who has managed to master the Chinese language in all its details; also Miss Laurence, who is well experienced in things Celestial; at Pekin she had the Rev. Dr. Edkins, a well-known Sinologue, for her guide; and Dr. Dudgeon, the medical officer of the London Missionary Society, in which position he has become familiar with some of the most out-of-the-way peculiarities of Chinese thought and custom. It was from Dr. Dudgeon that Miss Gordon Cumming learned a point that is new, and is at the same time a very peculiar development resulting from the ancestral worship of the Chinese. A Chinaman is so anxious to appear in the next world with his whole body complete, that when Dr. Dudgeon has to perform the operation of amputating a limb, the patient preserves the amputated part, has it cooked, and then eats it, so that it may "once more become an integral part of his body." Even extracted teeth are ground to a powder and swallowed from the same motive. Much will be found in these volumes on this interesting subject of worshipping dead forefathers, a cult which is in a higher state of development in China than in any other country. Chinese temples is another subject on which a great amount of information was gleaned by the author, including Buddhist monasteries, and the monks and nuns of that system. In Pekin, Miss Gordon Cumming had the peculiar advantage of visiting the Temple of Heaven with Dr. Edkins, as well as the series of Imperial temples at Pekin, at each of which the Emperor appears as High Priest; and the information given regarding these may be accepted as trustworthy—which cannot be said of many of the descriptions, particularly of that strange and peculiar one, the Temple of Heaven, which have appeared in travellers' books. Much will be found regarding the wonderful progress of missionary work in China during late years. This has been so remarkable that the possibility of China, with its millions

of people, becoming a Christian country at no very distant date, has taken the form of a distinct "hope," and recent success seems to a certain extent to justify this. Phonetic reformers will learn of a step in progress in this book, which is also hopeful. A missionary, Mr. Murray, wishing to teach the blind, found it was impossible to reproduce the forty thousand characters of Chinese writing in a raised form, invented a phonetic alphabet; and, by this means, he has taught blind men to read; and they, men who never read before, now read the Gospels in Chinese. A great triumph for Mr. Murray. The phonetic victory consists in the simple fact that the blind learn to read by means of this system quicker—indeed, in a remarkably short time—in comparison to that required by those having their eyes all sound, and who have to learn by means of the ordinary Chinese characters.

Anybody who is not a very superior person, and who desires to read an exceedingly agreeable little volume—from which, moreover, some useful hints may be obtained for a pleasant trip in summer or autumn—can be recommended to take up *Sunshine and Sea*: by a Country Doctor (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), which has but one drawback—the author's elaborate attempts and determination to be facetious under all circumstances and at all hazards. That this is a serious drawback, there is no denying; there are even readers to whom it will be an insurmountable obstacle; but let them be encouraged by the information that the facetiousness is very often quite genuine and frequently very amusing. In other respects, the book is of the most readable kind; telling just what one likes to be told, in the light-hearted, holiday manner that is always, or nearly always, refreshing and exhilarating. In fact, the experiences of a short cruise in a steam-yacht (if one can reconcile oneself to calling anything that goes by steam a yacht) are recorded; and, as the trip is such as nobody need despair of being enabled to make some day from Lymington, in England, to Brest and elsewhere in France, the narrative seems to concern us more nearly, and to have more personal interest for us than it would have if it dealt with persons, places, and things we could never hope to see for ourselves, save in dreams. The little book might have had a little map and a little index; it is quite worthy of them. Illustrations it has, not perhaps in the first style of art, but pretty, numerous, and decidedly interesting.

POETRY.

If such terms of endearment as duck, pet, sweet, and the like, which are freely bestowed upon singing-birds, were applicable to a small volume of more or less poetical effusions, they might very well be employed to express one's appreciation of *An Italian Garden*: by A. Mary F. Robinson (T. Fisher Unwin), as regards the general appearance of the book, as regards the type, and as regards the particular muse arrayed in such delicate, dainty garb. The collection of pieces may be said to belong to the moon-y-starry-flowery order of verse, with a perfume of love and roses, a shadow of death and sorrow, a plenteous gushing of tears, a heaving of sighs, a murmur of soft sounds, a subdued volley of exclamations. The strains remind one of that plaintive air which the lovesick nobleman in the play desired the musicians to let him have "again," saying that it had "a dying sound," that it "came o'er" him "like the sweet south, that breathes o'er beds of violets." Enjoyment, as well as appreciation of the volume and its contents, will be promoted by an acquaintance with Italian scenery, language, minor poetry, and especially with the terms applied to various kinds of that poetry, and with the Italian names of divers birds, including the nightingale, of course, and the woodlark and linnet. For in the style of all these feathered songsters, and of others, too, does the writer seem to pour forth her pretty, simple, tuneful, and, nevertheless, thoughtful lays; and her theme or manner of treating it is generally introduced, as it were, by a quotation of Italian verse concerning birds and flowers. In Greek, too, the learned writer is apparently not "to seek"; she seems to have read—at least one line of—her Sappho, of whose inspiration she may thus have caught even more than a little.

Perfectly new literature (though it be only old matter, very often, in a new form) comes, prose and verse, upon us in such incessant, overwhelming floods that for "new editions" space can seldom be found to record the mere issue, let alone the deserts; but in the case of *Convict Once, and other Poems*: by J. Brunton Stephens (Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane: George Robertson and Co.), there are reasons why an exception should be made, first of all, for the sake of congratulating our colonial brethren upon having so good a writer of verse among them, and then upon their taste in exhibiting so much appreciation of him as to have led to republication. Verse is the term used, for it is the term most properly descriptive of what the volume contains, for the most part; but it is excellent verse, of various sorts—some of it not unworthy of the elder Tom Hood, some very like the productions of the younger, some equal to the efforts of the most popular among our writers of what are called society-verses. As for the piece entitled "Convict Once," it rises to the rank of real poetry, in conception and in execution; it is full of strength, fire, pathos, and colour; and its metrical treatment is remarkable for a freedom, a largeness, and a pace in perfect keeping with the style which is likely to come most naturally to a writer accustomed to gaze upon boundless tracts, to traverse thousands of miles without let or hindrance of the artificial kind. A similar remark applies, in a modified degree, to other pieces in the collection.

An exercise in various metres would be a fair description, so far as form is concerned, of *By Solent and Danube*: by W. Wisley Martin (Trübner and Co.), a collection of "poems and ballads," whereof, as the title implies, some should have been inspired by the Muse that dwells in the Isle of Wight, others by her Teutonic sister, or her sister that has to do with Teutonic history. The writer seems to have a distinct turn for the composition of the ballad; and he writes lyrics generally with feeling, spirit, rhythmical ease, and with not a little original fancy, combined with picturesqueness of description. His fantasias on Teutonic legend are very creditable indeed; and in his native themes he might sometimes compare not unfavourably with Wordsworth—in the simple, not in the grand mood of the latter. Wordsworth, however, if memory may be trusted, whatever homeliness he intermingled with his pathetic simplicity, was too good a judge, had too unerring a poetical instinct, to introduce grammatical vulgarism; though his "little maid would have her way," she, nevertheless, said "we are seven," not "we is seven," whereas the "Bedfordshire Plait Girl" of this volume under consideration says "we 'as to earn our bread." It is a pretty, simple, Wordsworth-like, touching, thoughtful little piece, all the same.

An exhibition of primulas was held, under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, at South Kensington, in the conservatory adjoining the Albert Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday. Nearly the whole of the numerous family of primulas was represented from public and private gardens in England, Ireland, and Scotland, as well as many distinct forms of the common primrose.